

Horror in Culture & Entertainment

RUE MORQUE



JOE DANTE
SCHOOLS US
ON THE **ORIGINAL**

ROGER CORMAN TALKS
NUMEROUS **WEEP**

PIRANHA

ALEXANDRE AJAJA'S
**GORY 3-D
REMAKE**

103 AUGUST 2010 CIN/US \$5.95



**CONVULSIVE
BEAUTY**

TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY HORROR ART

**COUNT
GORE OF VOL**

THE UNSTOPPABLE HORROR HOST

**TEO V.
MIKELS**

A MOVIE MAVERICK GETS HIS DUE

BORIS KARLOFF'S THRILLER • SAVING HAMMER'S HOME • AMSTERDAM GHOST WALK • WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU



**"RARE AND UNIQUE.
AFTER.LIFE IS EXACTLY THE MOVIE
YOU'LL WANT TO SEE!"**

-SCREENHITS.COM

**LIAM
NEESON**

**CHRISTINA
RICCI**

**JUSTIN
LONG**



After a horrific car accident, Anna wakes up to find the local funeral director Eliot preparing her body for her funeral. Confused, terrified and feeling still very much alive, Anna doesn't believe she's dead, despite Eliot's reassurances that she is merely in transition to the afterlife. Trapped inside the funeral home, with nobody to turn to except Eliot, Anna is forced to face her deepest fears and accept her own death.



GET IT ON DVD & BLU-RAY AUGUST 24TH

© 2010 E1 Film Canada Inc. All Rights Reserved. Distributed exclusively in Canada by E1 Entertainment Inc.





THIS
SUMMER
3D
SHOWS ITS
TEETH

PIRANHA 3D

AUGUST 20

DYNASTY

REAL D 3D

www.piranha-3d.com

to youtube.com/allanoffensive

facebook.com/allanoffensive

ALLAN OFFENSIVE

A FANGTASTIC SHOWCASE OF INDIE HORROR CINEMA!



**Total Terror Vol. 1:
Demonic/Uninvited**
UPC: 683904630131

Featuring:
Tom Savini
(Dawn of the Dead)
Jack Elam
(Once Upon a Time in the West)

**Total Terror Vol. 2:
A Brush with Death/
Harvest of Fear**
UPC: 683904630148

Featuring:
Charles Hovey
(Field of Dreams)
Carrie Finklea
(Elephant)

Each
ONLY **\$10.99**



BLOOD BATH
12 Movie Collection
UPC: 683904520197

Face your biggest fears with this shocking showcase of independent horror. The body count rises and nightmares become reality in these gruesome tales of terror.

BLOOD SUCKERS
12 Movie Collection
UPC: 683904509784

Sate your teeth into this bevvy of blood-hungry babes. These tales of survival, lust and obsession are sure to entice fans of the fangs!

Each
ONLY **\$12.00**

That's Only
\$1 per Movie!

AVAILABLE: **AUGUST 17, 2010**

WWW.BLOODYDVDS.COM



24

CONVULSIVE BEAUTY

Nightmares in Decay, a new book celebrating macabre artist Harry Clarke, signals a renewed interest in turn-of-the-century genre artwork.

PLUS: The most provocative periodicals of the era
by **CHRIS JEFFREY**

16 MALICIOUS FISHES

Joe Dante schools us on Piranha, a jaws rip-off packed to the gills with blood, boobs, and other low-budget mayhem from the Roger Corman school of exploitation filmmaking.

PLUS: Alexander Aja on Piranha 3D, and Roger Corman discusses the controversial *Humans From the Deep*
by **PAUL BRIDGES** and **CHRIS JEFFREY**

30 KING of the CARDBOARD CASTLE

A new documentary celebrates the world's most unatopable horror host, Count Bore de Vol.

PLUS: Six more contemporary horror hosts
by **ERIC VELLETT** and **TREVOR TURNER**

34 LURID as thy NAME

Astro Zombies, Blood Orgies and Corpse Drivers—Ted V. Mikels reflects on six decades of low-budget sensational cinema.

by **PAUL ALLENBORN**

DEPARTMENTS

MOVE FROM UNDERGROUND 6

A salute to poster artists.

POST-MORTEM 7

Letters from fans, readers and weirdos.

DREADLINES 8

News highlights, horror happenings.

THE CORDONARY'S REPORT 12

Weird stats and morbid facts.

NEEDFUL THINGS 14

Strange trinkets from our bazaar of the bizarre.

CINEMACARDIE 37

The latest films, the newest DVDs and rereleases.

GOWDY'S BASEMENT 49

and on: *The Knave*.

BLOOD IN FOUR COLOURS 50

based on: *Dark Shadows: The Complete Series Volume 1*.

THE NINTH CIRCLE 63

spotlight: *New Voices of Horror*.

TRAVELOGUE OF TERROR 68

The Amsterdam Ghost Walk.

THE GISE-MET 69

theme: Germany's "post-torture porn retro slashers."

AUDIO DRONE 63

now playing: *The Body*.

PLAY DEAD 68

featuring: *Nighty Bear*.

CLASSIC OUT 70

Whistle and I'll Come to You.

NOTE FROM UNDERGROUND

Whenever clomped the now-standard "floating heads" aesthetic for movie posters sincerely deserves to have his head float against the skyline on the end of a pike. Curse those moon-sized celebrity faces, screw the disappearance of freelance art budgets, and Photoshop, you can go fuck yourself — with the airbrushing tool, preferably.

I can't think of any one sheets more artless than the ones for the *Scream* series, which consist of ridiculously touched-up faces suspended in the dark. (Well, maybe *Twilight*... but those are trying to sell romance, not horror.) Sick and soulless, they're the product of movie studios run by marketing guys in a celebrity-obsessed culture. Creatively, it's a complete de-evolution from decades of illustrated posters.

And even when someone comes along and flips the aesthetic, say, by using a white background, drying things up and featuring just a body part (I'm talking about the *Saw* posters, of course, which were done by Art Machine), it almost immediately becomes a horror movie poster cliché, copied by other in-house designers: It used to be a bonus to find a distinct artist — say, Saul Bass (*Vertigo*, *Psycho*, *The Shining*), Reynold Brown (*Creature from the Black Lagoon*, *This Island Earth*, *Attack of the 50-Foot Woman*), Tom Chantrell (all the awesome Hammer stuff) or Drew Struzan (*Squirm*, *The Thing*, *Big Trouble in Little China*) — to bring a unique personality to the art, but the goal now seems to be uniformity. So figure that movie poster art is now generally credit to companies, rather than to individuals.

Movie/art fans have been lamenting this artistic decline for years, and there's even a comedy short online about the one designer who does all of the floating head posters (Google "movie poster floating heads"). That said, there have long been trends, and the Piranha poster — the version featured on our cover — is a perfect example. With an babe in the water about to become fish food, it did what scores of other horror posters have done over the years, rip off the iconic *Jaws* poster by Roger Kastel. But, it's also got a unique twist: here, the girl is already under attack, bleeding and torn open (unless you're British and get the bloodless version — bummer!), which is so perfectly Roger Corman. Take a popular existing idea and make it more loud. Oh yeah, and add some major artistic license in the form of piranhas many, many times larger than the ones actually in the film. (Also see the *Galaxy of Terror* poster for a monster that only exists on paper.)

As the movie poster blog *Posternative* points out, "The Piranha poster illustration does invoke the right look — another example of how exploitation poster artwork was the great equalizer when compared to the advertising of big budget counterparts. After all, hiring a good illustrator wasn't beyond the expense of lower budget films."

In other words, the posters took on a life of their own, as the artists envisioned creatures and horrors beyond what the filmmakers were able to deliver. It's the classic art of the sell, and these untinged images have done so much more than they get credit for in terms of drawing attention to the movies and keeping them on the radar years later. In the case of Ted V. Mikels' films, notably *The Astro Zombies* and *The Corpse Grinders*, that caustic eye-candy is arguably more popular than the films themselves, with people who have never seen the movies wearing the poster art on T-shirts. And you can extend that argument to Aubrey Beardsley, Sydney Sime and Henry Clarke, whose eye-popping turn-of-the-century illustrations (see 'em in our secondary feature) have endured long after many of the publications they appeared in faded out.

Unlike those artists, however, most movie poster illustrators have remained virtually anonymous, despite the power of their work to perform the vital job of attracting an audience. I asked Joe Dante if he knew who did the Piranha posters. He told me that John Salsie created the one with the girl on the orange inflatable but didn't know who did the one we've got on our cover. The folks at Shout Factory, who are putting out the Piranha DVD can't know either, and I couldn't dig up the info online (if you know, email me). Ditto for the artists behind the aforementioned Mikels movie posters. Hell, even when I first searched for the artist behind the *Jaws* poster, I found forum posts of people wondering the same thing. When it comes to a movie's — especially an exploitation movie's — longevity, these artists really are unsung heroes.

There's a growing backlash against the floating heads (Frank Darabont has railed against them in interviews, for example) and a great nostalgia for illustrated horror film posters (least your peeps on those retro issue by Neil Kollerhouse and Erik Buckham for the *House of the Devil* campaign last year). As our own designers have proven, it's possible to create dynamic, original artwork at a fraction of the time it used to take, by using electronic tablets. It's definitely time for those floating heads to die, and the artists who whet our lurid appetites through their traumatic illustrations to live on with the respect they deserve.



Home to Culture & Entertainment
RUE MORQUE
MARRS MEDIA INC. RUE-MORQUE.COM
2525 DUNDAS STREET WEST TORONTO, ONTARIO M9B 1B4 CANADA
TEL: 416-593-5575 FAX: 416-593-5575 EMAIL: RUE-MORQUE@RUE-MORQUE.COM

STAFF

PUBLISHER BARNABAS J. COHEN	EDITOR IN CHIEF TIMMY ADAMS-DEER
MANAGING EDITOR MICHAEL A. KAPLAN	ASSOCIATE EDITOR TIMOTHY D. HARRIS
ART DIRECTION GARY FULKE	GRAPHIC DESIGNER JENNIFER COOPER
WIKI MANAGER JESSICA SAGE	COPY EDITOR JENNIFER COOPER
MARKETING/ADVERTISING MANAGER JENNIFER COOPER	FINANCIAL CONTROLLER MICHAEL A. KAPLAN

TEL: 416-593-5575
FAX: 416-593-5575
E: RUE-MORQUE@RUE-MORQUE.COM

CONTRIBUTORS

A.S. BERMAN	THE GORE-MET
MICHAEL BLYTH	MARK R. HASAN
JOHN W. BOWEN	CHRIS JOZEFOWICZ
PHIL BROWN	LAST CHANCE LANCE
JAMES BURRELL	JASON LAPEYRE
PEDRO CABEZUELO	ANDREW LEE
KEITH CARMAN	AARON VON LUPTON
PAUL CORUPE	W. BRICE MCVICAR
TOMB DRAGONIR	TOM MES
JAMES FISHER	SEAN PLUMMER
HANNAH GARCES-SLOANE	BRIAN J. SHOWERS
	ERIC VEILLETTE

RUE MORQUE #163 would not have been possible without the valuable assistance of Joe Dante, Andy Mauro, Mary-Beth Holyer, Al McMullan and the unstoppable Sharktopus.

RUE MORQUE #163 is dedicated to Wolfgang Vitzthum Gadhini and Samantha Ann Alexander. Welcome to the world, kids.

COVER PIRANHA

Illustrator unknown
Designed by Gary Fulke



Rue Morque magazines published monthly (with the exception of February and August) as a non-profit organization. All content is copyrighted by Rue Morque Media Inc. All rights reserved. No reproduction or translation of any content is permitted without the express written permission of Rue Morque Media Inc. All rights reserved. If necessary, returned.

We acknowledge the financial support of the Government of Canada through the Canada Magazine Fund. Content not available in French. RUE MORQUE Magazine #163 ISSN 1461-1103 Agreement No. 40027464. Content copyright MARRS MEDIA INC. 2013. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN CANADA.

Dave
Alex
dave@rue-morque.com

POST MORTEM

COMMENTS • QUESTIONS • CRITICISM



AFTER SEEING *REC 2* I really wanted to read an interview by the writers/directors about the Catholic-possession angle that was really only hinted at in the first one. Imagine my surprise when I opened the envelope and saw the cover. Great job to all involved. Also, because I'm such a huge fan I couldn't resist picking up the Danzig issue. What an awesome interview! In almost every interview I've read involving Danzig, the "Joumeleins" have seemed patronizing and uninformed about his history and the impact that he and his music have had on the industry—he's not just some dumb 'leaded-out' jerk. Kudos to you and your crew!

CONDOR SANDERS—APTOS, CALIFORNIA

I HAVE BEEN A SUBSCRIBER for about six years now, ever since I came across my first copy of *Rue Morgue* and was blown away by the quality and scope of the articles and reviews. I've been a horror fan from as far back as I can remember. I'm now 55 so you can imagine how much stuff (good and bad) I've seen over the years. I think it's fantastic that you continually offer your readers a chance to explore genre offerings from the past that they might not otherwise discover on their own, as well as more obscure newer titles that don't get the mainstream coverage and promotion they deserve. Which brings me to the point of my writing. In *RM#102* I came across the article on *The New Daughter*. This film was on my cable's On Demand listing but the brief synopsis was not very enlightening, and it starred Kevin Costner, so I figured it was some chick flick where the divorced dad has to contend with his troubled teenager until it all works out in the end with a big group hug. Well, on the strength of your article, I checked it out. OMG! It's not often that a film has me genuinely frightened, especially when I'm watching it on TV, but from the moment I glimpsed that creature outside of Louise's window I was curled up in a little ball of dread. What a little gem of a film. So, thank you for continuing to promote these great movies that don't have the advantage of the Hollywood PR machine.

MARTHA THOMPSON
—REDONDO BEACH, CALIFORNIA

I RECEIVED *RM#102* today and I'm so excited about the review you wrote of the new Harley Poe album. Thank you so much. It means a lot to me and the band that *Rue Morgue* has been so good to us. It's an honor to be on *Rue Morgue*. Radio's Hymns compila-

tion and to have had the privilege of being reviewed in the magazine a number of times now. I am obsessed with the world of horror, and you guys at *Rue Morgue* do such a wonderful job of keeping me informed with what's new or just overlooked in the genre. Receiving the magazine in the mail is the highlight of my month. Sometimes living in this small town in the Midwest can make one feel isolated and forgotten in a big world where a lot of creativity is flourishing elsewhere, but you guys have made me feel part of something that is beyond these confines. You've helped me to reach out. Thanks.

JOE WHITEFORD—KOKOMO, INDIANA

I'VE KNOWN OF YOUR MAGAZINE for years but never bought one until today. I'm 26 and a roofter horror movie fan. Sure, in high school and college I was crazy for scary movies and once did a 32-page report on Halloween, but I suppose what happened to me, happens to most of us—I grew out of it, cut my hair, started wearing boring clothes, working at a boring job. My affinity for scary movies and monster rock music is now locked away in my man cave with my Elvis posters, Freddy Krueger figures and Misfits records. I picked up *RM#101* because Glenn Danzig was on the cover and I had heard good buzz regarding his new record. I like your magazine. The Danzig and Romero interviews, along with your music/DVD reviews, are worth the read. Here's my big problem: Lisa Ladouceur. Wow, what a jerk. Her eulogy of Peter Steele from Type O Negative made me *Angus*. I couldn't believe the balls on this woman. Here's a suggestion: when writing a blurb on the passing of someone, try not to express how much you don't like the artist and how you find his work "corny." How she thinks that putting down the person she's eulogizing won't upset and disgust people is beyond me. Yes, "Black No. 1" is corny. He references Lily Munster in the lyrics. It's kind of silly on purpose. That's all part of it. Type O fans don't want to hear how shitty their band is in an article on their recently dead front man. Next time someone in the industry passes, it might behoove you to assign someone to write the obit who is either a fan of his or her work or knows how to be pleasant about it. That woman is awful and is the reason I guarantee you I will never make the mistake of buying another *Rue Morgue*.

DREW STEFANIC
—EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA

(Lisa has assured us that she does not, in fact, have balls—
Ed)

THE COLUMN PENNED BY LISA LADOUCEUR acknowledging the passing of Type O Negative front man Peter Steele in your June issue (*RM#101*) sums up everything I love and respect about *Rue Morgue*. Any other magazine would have printed something a bit more flattering and gilded if not downright ass-kissy or faux in-the-know. Ladouceur's decision to plainly state her impressions of Steele and his music is commendable, as is *Rue Morgue*'s editorial decision to run the piece. The fact that many of us found Steele's work to be tepid and mediocre, and Steele himself far from a gentleman is as much a part of his legacy as the rose-tinted memories of those who blindly adored him. Keep telling it like it is, I'll keep reading.

ADAM BARRACLOUGH
—HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

I AM A TATTOO ARTIST IN SOUTH FLORIDA, where my tattoo studio is covered with horror imagery, icons and other collectibles. Some of my favourites are the original Texas Chainsaw Massacre (they have not made a scarier Leatherface since), Pumpkinhead, all the *Halloween*s, the *Evil Dead* series, George A. Romero's *Dead* films and the original *Halloween*s (Michael is the ninja stalker of the horror slashers, although Rob Zombie definitely gave us more of Michael and his twisted past). I will even say that a few of the older *Friday* the 13th films were also great. I can go on and on about all the other flicks that I adore, but then you would get sick and tired of my rambling. I often wonder, will there ever be any more old school-style cheesy horror with the absurd effects? Don't get me wrong, the CGI is all good and dandy for the eye-candy-loving sissy-oids out there. But I miss the way the older flicks would just drag you in mentally and rape your whole process of thought, keeping you at the edge of your seat, delving into all the awe-inspiring, jaw-dropping insanity on the big screen.

DETH GUNZ—WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

CONVEYANCE In *RM#101*, we incorrectly attributed a byline on p. 26. It should read, Alan Ball interview by Justin Humphreys. We apologize for the error.

WE ENCOURAGE READERS TO SEND THEIR COMMENTS VIA MAIL OR EMAIL. LETTERS MAY BE EDITED FOR LENGTH AND/OR CONTENT. PLEASE SEND TO: INFO@RUEMORQUE.COM OR

POST MORTEM

C/O TAILORVILLE MAGAZINE
2808 DANFORTH STREET WEST
TORONTO, ONTARIO M6P 1Y1 CANADA



Breadlines



NEWS HIGHLIGHTS / HORROR HAPPENINGS

SCHOLARS GATHER AT OXFORD FOR FEAR, HORROR AND TERROR

The halls of academia are about to get gloomier. An international delegation of scholars is set to gather at England's Oxford University this September for a weekend conference called Fear, Horror and Terror. It's the fourth annual meet-up organized by Inter-Disciplinary.net, a non-profit organization dedicated to bringing together researchers and academics from diverse disciplines to share ideas online and in-person. And one of their areas of study is the dark side.

Dr. Sorcha Ní Fhlainn, a lecturer and author from Trinity College Dublin, who also boasts the supremely wicked title of "Hub Leader, Evil," explains, "The Evil Hub looks at eight different projects each year on evil, gothic and supernatural fiction. So we have people coming in from different backgrounds, whether it's from medicine to talk about the concept of women as evil in medical terms or someone looking at fear, horror and terror in terrorism."

The three-day conference (Sept. 11 to 13) will feature more than 50 papers presented by participants from over fifteen countries. Fhlainn, an expert on post-modern vampirism ("I connected the vampire narrative to American presidential policy from Richard Nixon to Barack Obama for my PhD thesis," she says) intends to present a paper on Clive Barker. Other scheduled papers of note include "Clive Barker - Secret Self," from English filmmaker Russell Chermington, and "Condemned to be Scared in the Perumbia: Frightening Regime of Vision in 1st-Person Horror Games," from Université de Montréal Art History and Film Studies department professor Bernard Perron.

"We don't mind if it's a big name in the field or a new graduate student," explains Fhlainn. "We have papers on terrorism - the concept of terrorism amongst teenagers, the association between identity and terror. We have papers on body horror, on technology and horror. Can we define what fear and terror is? Is it something that comes off the page like in an Edgar Allan Poe story, or is it a physiological response, or both? How do we deal with it when we deal with horror fiction?"

She adds that, when it comes to the topic, every answer brings up a whole new set of questions. "I



Clive Barker: Papers on the artist will be presented at Fear, Horror and Terror conference

hope we can take the global temperature on where narratives in fear, horror and terror are going. I think it's interesting that indie cinema lately has brought back that sort of millennial angst, the crisis we had in the *Blair Witch* era, that sense that the world is going to end. Horror cinema every couple of years is about how we're all doomed. We saw that last year with *Paranormal Activity*, with its old Gothic narrative of the found video tape and reactive terror. As well, there's a trend talking about ecological fear and terror, which I think is a response to *Avatar*. I think that will be very interesting when all this comes out at the conference."

While the event is not open to non-participating viewers, Inter-Disciplinary.net does publish the findings from the gathering. Each of the eight "evil"-themed projects will be collected and dis-

tributed to the public in a free e-book, available for download at Inter-Disciplinary.net. A few conference papers each year are then selected for further development to become a hard copy book. Fhlainn recently edited this year's anthology, *Our Monstrous (s)kin: Blurring the Boundaries between Monsters and Humanity*.

While all this talk of terror might sound like it makes for an eerie, gothic horror show environment, Fhlainn assures the proceedings are still pretty straightlaced and scholarly.

"No, no fog machine," she says, laughing. "We should do it for one of our vampire panels, although it might end up looking like a Bonnie Tyler video. We don't really need that, some of the topics can put you on edge without any special effects."

LIISA LADOUCEUR

Photo by Steven Friedman



ROTTEN COTTON
HORROR & EXPLOITATION T-SHIRTS!
Lowest Prices! Best Quality! Largest Selection!

PayPal American Express MasterCard Discover

The official and still the best since 1990!
WWW.ROTTENCOTTON.COM



EVIL DEAD



1977: THE YEAR OF THE PUNK ROCK



HE'S A MUTHAFUCKIN' PUPPET!



THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW

HISTORIC HOME OF HAMMER CLASSICS SET TO BECOME HOUSING

The British home of *Dracula*, the *Mummy* and *Frankenstein's monster* may soon become just another block of luxury residences if the owner of Bray Studios, the filming site for Hammer classics such as *The Curse of Frankenstein* (1957) and *Dracula: Prince of Darkness* (1966) gets its way.

The stately home, which has stood on the banks of the Thames river since 1750, was first leased by Hammer Film Productions in 1951. A year later, several studios were added to the grounds, marking the official creation of Bray Studios, named after the local parish. In addition to Hammer horror films, it's been the filming site of everything from *Alien* to 2008's *The Imaginarium of Doctor Parnassus*.

In April, English daily newspaper *The Mail-on-Sunday* reported that Bray Management Co. raised the possibility of the conversion in a planning application it submitted for roof and window repairs for the centrepiece of the studios, Down Place.

As of the time of this writing, Bray Management Co. has yet to file for planning permissions beyond those for the Down Place repairs, which were granted in May, and there can be no town council hearing regarding the housing conversion until an official application is made.

Though Down Place cannot be levelled thanks to protections granted by English Heritage, the accompanying studios are likely to be

razed as a result of any conversion, says Robert Simpson, a writer and film historian in Belfast, Northern Ireland, who has launched an international effort to save Bray Studios. "I think once you do that, you've lost the site. It's no longer a film place."

Simpson came across the newspaper article, while conducting research for his PhD at Trinity College Dublin about the early history of Hammer Films, back in April. Since then, he's used a website (braystudios.blogspot.com) and Facebook page to publicize the historic studio's imminent demise. His



Facebook alone has garnered thousands of members.

"The frustrating thing is that there are people interested in buying the studios, but the current management just don't seem to be willing to play ball, presumably because they think they're going to make their money off housing," says Simpson, who alleges one independent film company that offered to sign a long-term lease to shoot productions at the studios was told they weren't for hire.

From 1952 to 1967, dozens of classic Hammer movies were filmed at Down Place being the most easily recognizable part of it, says Simpson. "If you sit on the lawn and you look at the house,

you recognize it because it turns up in things like *The Curse of Frankenstein* as the lab, so there is that kind of resonance. It goes beyond nostalgia because it's familiar, it's like somewhere you know, even though maybe you haven't been there before."

The British film industry has been hit particularly hard in recent years, with studios such as Pinewood (Hollywood: Hellraiser II), located ten miles away, also feeling the economic pinch. Even as far back as the late 1980s, Britain's famed Elstree Studios (*The Shining*) was forced to sell off much of its backlot, which is now a Tesco supermarket.

Like Bray, several of Great Britain's independent studios were built around historic houses. And over the years, some of those have been turned back into dwellings. Unlike Elstree and Pinewood, though, "Bray is a rare example of this bygone cinema," Simpson says. "That's what we're not used to now, particularly with this age of big-budget films. Everything's just thrown away."

A.S. BERMAN



The original converted home, built in 1750, on the Bray Studios lot, and (below) historical Hammer photos from inside

© 2010 Robert J. Simpson. www.amford.co.uk. All rights reserved.



ROADKILL



watch civ.ca/blood-cell/blood-cell

Canadian network CTV recently premiered the made-for-the-web thriller series, *Blood Cell*, about a kidnapped woman and her best friend, who is tasked with saving her before her phone battery dies and time runs out. If hand-held shaky-cam footage doesn't make you seep, there's much intrigue here — particularly in the form of the show's mysterious gas mask-wearing assailant.

strangelixclub.blogspot.com

If you're a monster kid who never grew out of your adolescent love of B-flicks and genre toys, you'll be right at home at the Strange Kids Club blog. With sections dedicated to trailers, video games, wrestling and cartoons, it's got a little something for everyone who's young or young at (black) heart.

callebrowne.com/countlesshallows

Horror/comics author Cullen Bunn is serializing his latest novel online, a creepy tale about a teenage farm girl who discovers a very unusual "boy" in the woods surrounding her family's property. It's updated weekly in single chapter increments. If you venture into the woods today, you're in for a gory surprise!

flickr.com/photos/beccombs/set/7215792370200109

Nick Tassone has re-imagined Stephen King's cinematic oeuvre via a series of delightfully minimalist movie posters. Witness the X-ray-style shrouded font for *Misery* and the suspended over-tuned bucket for *Coma*, as well as eight others. Simply sinister — and totally sweet!

horrorbloggeralliance.blogspot.com

Like horror blogs? Well, here's a blog that blogs about horror blogs. Get that? Not only does it regularly compile highlights from throughout the vast horror blogging community, it also provides visitors with a continually growing, extremely exhaustive list of genre sites to visit. If any website deserves to be bookmarked in your browser, it's this one.

Compiled by BIONICA S. KUEBLER

Got a Roadkill suggestion? Email us at roadkill@the-empire.com

GENRE SCHOLAR EVERETT FRANKLIN BLEILER REMEMBERED

On June 12, 2010, genre fiction lost one of its most significant supporters. Everett Franklin Bleiler, the noted editor, scholar and bibliographer, passed away in Ithaca, New York at the age of 90. For more than 60 years, Bleiler made important academic contributions to the horror, mystery and science fiction genres, and he was widely respected by colleagues and readers alike.

"I can't think of any other researcher to whom we all owe a bigger debt in the field of supernatural fiction," says publisher Ray Russell of Tartarus Press.

Bleiler's early bibliographical work, *The Checklist of Fantastic Literature* (1948), took years to compile and laid the groundwork for scholars who would follow in his footsteps.

"He had such a comprehensive knowledge of supernatural fiction," explains Lovecraft scholar S.T. Joshi, "that his work will remain the essential starting point for critical and bibliographical work in the field."

Bleiler's other horror-related reference titles include *The Guide to Supernatural Fiction* (1963) and *Supernatural Fiction Movies* (1965), each representing decades of research and a small amount of passion for the fantastic. However, Bleiler is best known for his contributions at Dover Publications, where he worked from 1955 until 1977. There, he edited and introduced collections by key horror authors, including Sheridan Le Fanu, Ambrose Bierce, Algernon Blackwood, and Mrs. J.H. Riddell.

"Bleiler is one of the main people responsible for keeping the work of many of these authors alive," says editor and supernatural literature scholar Jim Roddell. In addition to his subtle and well-researched introductions, Bleiler made collections by these authors both affordable and widely available, thus introducing future generations to their works.

As testament to his scholarly contributions, Bleiler was given the World Fantasy Award for Lifetime Achievement in 1988, and in 2004 he received the International Horror Guild's Living Legend Award.

"E.F. Bleiler was a great scholar and a great enthusiast," says horror author and playwright Reggie Oliver (*Dreams From the Depths*). "May we all have the fortune to live as long, accomplish as much and die as widely honoured!"

BRIAN J. SHOWERS

ENTRAILS

Al Williamson, an influential artist whose career included a long stint at EC Comics and illustrating stories for Warren Publishing's *Creepy* and *Eerie* magazines, died of natural causes on June 12 in upstate New York, at 79. Though remembered primarily for his work on sci-fi character Flash Gordon, Williamson became the youngest artist at EC when he joined the staff in 1952, and worked closely with several other artists there including the late Frank Frazetta. Notable stories include *Creepy* #1's "Success Story" and several Ray Bradbury adaptations for EC, including "A Sound of Thunder" in *Weird Science-Fantasy* #25.

FEARnet, the video-on-demand service owned by Lionsgate, Sony Pictures Television and cable provider Comcast will become a full-fledged digital cable channel starting Oct. 1. The on-demand service has averaged approximately twelve million monthly program views in the more than 28 million US households it serves.

Twilight saga producer Wyck Godfrey (AMP: Allen vs. Predator) has not only picked up the remake rights to Pascal Laugier's 2008 French torture film *Martyrs*, but also told FEARnet in June that he wants to cast *Twilight*'s Kristen Stewart as one of the leads. The remake is being produced by Temple Hill Entertainment, the company run by Godfrey and production partner Marty Bowen. Mark L. Smith, who wrote *Vacancy* and *The Hole*, has reportedly written the script for the film.

Elphinstone teen princesses Debbie (now Deborah) Gibson and Tiffany will square off for the first time in *Mega Python vs. Gatorator*, an Asylum production for the Syfy channel. Gibson portrays an animal rights activist who releases *Elgato* exotic pets into the Florida Everglades, where they grow to monstrous proportions; Tiffany is the park ranger who goes up against her. Gibson previously starred in 2009's *Mega Shark vs. Giant Octopus*, and Tiffany appeared in this year's *Mega Piranha*. The new creature feature (no release date yet) is directed by Mary Lambert (*Pet Sematary*) and penned by Evil Eyes writer Naomi L. Selfman.

Metallika guitarist Kirk Hammett is writing an illustrated guide to his extensive collection of horror movie memorabilia, he told *Rolling Stone* in June. *Too Much Horror Business*, a title inspired by the lyrics to the Misfits' song "Horror Business," will focus on a variety of horror collectibles amassed by Hammett since age six. In the past, the musician has auctioned off such items as the only known lobby card for Lon Chaney's *London After Midnight*. The book is scheduled for release sometime next year.

In June, the Cinemark theatre chain pulled the new trailer for Paramount's *Paranormal Activity 2* from some theatres in Texas in response to complaints they received after showing it before midnight screenings of the new *Twilight* flick, *Eclipse*. The trailer was deemed too scary for audiences.

A.S. BERMAN



www.novemberfire.com

Over 500 shirt designs available on the highest quality heavy cotton t-shirts. Apparel, Horror, Gothic & Underground designs found anywhere else. We also offer Gift Certificates, and have a full line of unique patches. Buy online shopping, or order a full color mail order catalog.

Send \$3 for a catalog to: November Fire, P.O. Box 6399, Albany, CA 94705. **VISA PayPal MasterCard New Supermarket ZOMBAID**



ELI ROTH & STRIKE
PRESENT

BELIEVE IN HIM.



THE LAST EXORCISM

IN THEATRES AUGUST 27

LIONSGATE

PRESENTS

A FILM BY

ELI ROTH

AND

STRIKE

PRODUCED BY

ELI ROTH

AND

STRIKE



THELASTEXORCISM.COM



[YOUTUBE.COM/ALLIANCEFILMSINC](https://www.youtube.com/alliancefilmsinc)



[FACEBOOK.COM/ALLIANCEFILMSINC](https://www.facebook.com/alliancefilmsinc)

THE RUE MORGUE SICK TOP SIX



RESURRECTED WATER ROTTERS

1. **FRIDAY THE 13TH (1980)**
JASON LEAPS FROM THE LAKE
2. **RINGU**
SADAKO WISHES YOU... WELL
3. **DEAD OF NIGHT (1977)**
A SUNKEN SON RETURNS
4. **SHOCK WAVES**
SALTWATER SOLDIERS STORM THE BEACH
5. **CREEPSHOW**
REVENGE OF THE WATERLOGGED LOVERS
6. **THE FOG (1980)**
UNDEAD SAILORS IN THE SURF

CORONER'S REPORT

WEIRD STATS & MORBID FACTS

CASE NO.
103

- 1. In medieval London, coffins were not used for burials. Instead, bodies would be interred as is, from one side of the churchyard to the other. Once full, undertakers would return to where they began and bury more, first removing any remaining bones from the previous occupants and placing them in a section of the church known as the charnel house.
- 2. John Lennon's 1964 poetry and fiction collection *In His Own Write* includes a horror story, "No Flies on Frank," about a murderous husband and his wife's rotting corpse.
- 3. A 21-year-old Florida man strangled his younger brother this past June then buried the body in their parents' yard. When his mother caught him digging at 3 a.m., he claimed he was burying stuff that belonged to his girlfriend. His father later discovered the remains of his youngest son.
- 4. Elvis Presley was originally interred at Memphis' Forest Hill Cemetery, but when three men broke into the graveyard just fourteen days after his death in an attempt to steal The King's corpse and hold it for ransom, his final resting place was moved to the more secure Graceland estate.
- 5. During the guillotine's initial development and construction, the corpses of animals, then women were used to gauge the device's effectiveness. The final test utilized the bodies of three bury men.
- 6. Genealogists at ancestry.com recently claimed that they have connected Twilight actor Robert Pattinson's family tree to that of Vlad the Impaler.
- 7. Frederick, New Brunswick police had a mystery on their hands this spring when an arm full of criminals was discovered stencioned atop a minivan in a hotel parking lot.
- 8. Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood played himself in the 1980s creature feature *The Dead End*.
- 9. The punishment for committing blasphemy while in the British military during the 1800s was to have one's tongue punctured by a scalding-hot piece of iron.
- 10. According to Gordon Kerr's book *Goners*, musician Buddy Holly had \$193 on him when he died in a 1959 plane crash. The Mason City coroner is alleged to have taken \$11.65 as his fee.
- 11. A Colorado woman whose car ended up in a canal earlier this year claimed to police that the accident occurred because she had seen a vampire in the middle of the road and had thrown her car into reverse to avoid it.
- 12. Well-known Mexican singer Sergio "El Shaka" Vega was gunned down after stopping his car at a tollbooth on the way to a gig. Just hours before, he'd been denying rumours of his death.
- 13. One of Napoleon Bonaparte's final wishes was that after his death his heart be removed and sent to his wife. Unfortunately, it went missing before she ever received it.

Compiled by MONICA S. KUEBLER

Got a weird stat or morbid fact? Send it through to info@rue-morgue.com

TORTURED TAGLINES

THE CORPSE GRINDERS (1971)
"TURNS BONES AND FLESH INTO
SCREAMING, SAVAGE BLOOD DEATH!"



JAMES FISHER www.rue-morgue.com

TERROR HAS A NEW FACE

"THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU MEETS HOSTEL...
SLASHER CINEMA WITH A TWIST"

—Wild Side Cinema



"A TERRIFIC SLICE OF
HOMEGROWN HORROR"

—Kitley's Kryte

"TERRIFYING...
A DVD THAT WILL MAKE YOU SQUEAL"

—Dread Central

Available at **amazon.com**

Amazon, Amazon.com and the Amazon.com logo are registered trademarks of Amazon.com, Inc. or its affiliates.



NEEDFUL THINGS



1 ARACHNID GUITAR \$999 – \$2199

Behold the Arachnid! The first creation of custom guitar builders Ikon, this spider-esque six-string has a poplar core "for strength and tone," and comes in three models: the Weaver, the Recluse, and the Widow (ashtray options available). If this doesn't make you start a Dio cover band, nothing will. Wrap eight arms around an axe at ikoncustoms.com.

2 IMMORTAL COFFEE \$64.99

When you need help shaking the dust from your immortal bones first thing in the evening, a cup of vamp-friendly java will give you the jolt you need to get up and hunting. This gift set contains four different gourmet coffees and a matching set of four Vampire coffee mugs – so you can share a cuppa Joe... or Ed, or Brenda Spike your veins at vampire.com.

3 DIA DE LOS MUERTOS JEWELLERY \$75

You just can't go wrong with skulls. Jennie Schlegel's beautiful Day of the Dead pendants and lockets are made from an eclectic collection of reclaimed beads, in a stunning array of colours – all framing the requisite resin skull in the centre. Each piece is a one-of-a-kind creation, and comes with the artist's lifetime guarantee. Look great graveside at etsy.com.

4 SARAH LEGAULT DOLLS \$300 – \$1000

Comic book artist Sarah Legault's handmade dolls exude the same strange and nightmarish elegance as her drawings. The collection so far includes the bound and zipped-up "Body Bag" doll, a grinning, red-eyed "Plague" doll, and a Scissorhands-haired "Tim Burton" doll. Contact the artist for details on the TV devils at sarahlegault.com.

A FEEDING FRENZY OF FEAR!



THE
ORIGINAL
CLASSIC!

All-New Extras and
Widescreen for the
First Time!



Production
Design by
JAMES CAMERON



Never-
Before-Seen
Director's Cut



30th
Anniversary
UNRATED
Edition!

NOW ON DVD AND BLU-RAY

Available at

amazon.com

TV-14 RESTRICTED

DVD
VIDEO

Blu-ray
DISC

SHOUT!

shoutfactory.com

RogerCormanCultClassics.com

Amazon, Amazon.com and the Amazon.com logo are registered trademarks of Amazon.com, Inc. or its affiliates.

Program Content © 1978, 1980, 1981, 1982 New World Pictures. All Rights Reserved.

JOE DANTE
SCHOOLS US ON
PIRANHA
A JAW'S RIP-OFF PACKED
TO THE GILLS WITH
BLOOD, BOOBS AND
OTHER LOW-BUDGET
MAYHEM FROM THE
ROGER CORMAN
SCHOOL OF EXPLOITATION
FILMMAKING.

BY PHIL BROWN

DURING THE '60s AND '70s, IT WAS A BADGE OF HONOR TO MAKE YOUR WAY INTO THE MOVIE BIZ VIA ROGER CORMAN'S LEGENDARY NEW WORLD PICTURES. A-LIST DIRECTORS AS DIVERSE AND PRESTIGIOUS AS FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA, MARTIN SCORSESE, JONATHAN DEMME AND JAMES CAMERON ALL CUT THEIR TEETH ON LOW-BUDGET DRIVE-IN FILMS FOR THE THRIFTY PRODUCER. LONG BEFORE JOE DANTE DIRECTED SUCH HORROR/COMEDY CLASSICS AS *THE HOWLING*, *GREMLINS* AND *THE 'BURBS*, HE WAS AMONG THE MERRY BAND OF EAGER EXPLOITATION ARTISTS ENROLLED IN THIS CORMAN SCHOOL OF MOVIE MAKING. HERE HE WAS HANDED THE REINS TO HIS 1978 FEATURE DEBUT, *PIRANHA*.

A monster kid with an affinity for trash cinema, Dante's post-film school project was a bizarre touring film called *The Movie Orgy*, a four-hour-long compilation of scenes and trailers from the finest B-movies of his youth, which would play in lazy college campus theatres. He was an obvious fit for New World, and after editing some trailers and co-directing *The Ramones in Rock 'n' Roll High School*, Dante was awarded the director's chair for *Piranha*. The campy creature feature was only intended as a quickie *Jaws* knock-off. Instead, the rookie filmmaker turned it into a horror classic in its own right.

It begins with a pair of backpackers breaking into a secret military test facility in the mountains, to go for a skinny dip, where they meet an expectedly gory end in a piranha-filled pool. Maggie McKeown (Heather Menzies), a missing persons investigator, goes looking for them and meets up with Paul Grogan (Bradford Dillman), a reclusive mountain man with a drinking problem. Together they uncover an experiment to breed super piranhas, accidentally releasing the ravenous creatures into the river in the process. Fending off a crazed scientist, avoiding the military and escaping from police, Maggie and Paul race against time to save his daughter—who's at a summer camp downstream—and the vacationing revelers at a nearby resort. Much toothlessness and flesh-eating ensues.



Piranha was cheap, gory and dirty, featuring just enough nudity to make it on the drive-in circuit. The fledgling director's inclusion of winking humour let viewers know the filmmakers didn't take the project any more seriously than they wanted the audience to. Silly dialogue, plot holes and unbelievable exposition were played for laughs, while the horror elements still delivered the scares, with the help of ambitious effects. For audiences of the day, the low-rent thrills were a welcome contrast to the overwrought cash-grab of *Jaws 2*, which was re-released the same summer. The intentionally cheesy approach would go on to become a staple of Dante's career, even proving influential to the genre.

It also didn't hurt that Corman involved some very talented people in the production. The script was written by John Sayles – who would later pen *Alligator* and *The Howling* before becoming one of the major writer/directors in the American independent film scene – and Richard Robinson (*Kingdom of the Spiders*). The special effects team included Phil Tippett (*RoboCop*), Chris Walas (an Oscar winner for *The Fly*) and a teenaged Rob Bottin (*The Thing*). The cast featured the likes of future Dante regular Dick Miller, horror icon Barbara Steele, Kevin McCarthy (star of the original *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*) and Corman stalwart Paul Bartel (director of *Death Race 2000*). With that kind of lineup, it's no won-

der *Piranha* is still loved by audiences more than 30 years after its release. It's also the latest Corman production to be re-envisioned, with a 3-D update out this month from *High Tension* director Alexandre Aja (see p.20).

Piranha launched Dante's directorial career seemingly overnight. Soon he was working with Sayles on *The Howling*, was in talks with Universal to helm *Jaws 3*, *People 0* (a *Jaws* sequel that never came to fruition) and had befriended Steven Spielberg, who enjoyed the gleeful pass-take on his summer horror classic so much, he helped Dante get the gig directing *Grem-Ins*.

With his latest feature, 3-D kiddie horror picture *The Hole*, set for release, and an astounding special edition *Piranha* DVD/Blu-ray dropping this month from Shout! Factory (which includes never-before-seen footage, interviews with cast and crew, commentaries, bioscapers, promotion stills and more), Dante dives back into the bloody waters of his exploitation classic.

When you decided to be a filmmaker, was it always your plan to make genre movies?

No, it just happened because I started to work for Roger Corman, so I was basically in the exploitation business, and a large part of the exploitation film market is held by horror movies. Of course, I grew up liking horror movies, so I was happy to do it, but you do end up getting a little "typed" after a while.

How did you first get involved with Corman?

I was the latest in a series of people who migrated from the East Coast to the West Coast after Roger had basically raided all of the local schools in LA and started bringing in people from NYU. I was part of a collection of people that I think started with Marly Sorensen and ended with Jonathan Kaplan, myself, Jon Davidson and some other people who originally knew each other. We basically would come out here and get ensconced in some area of film production, then when Roger would need something they'd say, "Well, I know this guy and he's got a van or he's driving out to Califorma at his own expense." There was always a bargain quality to all these people. Roger had a unique talent for finding people who really, really had the drive to make films and would work that extra couple of hours and would come in on Sunday and go that extra mile to try to get one up on the competition.

How do you think working for Corman affected your career and your approach to filmmaking?

Well, it was a dynamic experience. If you look at the slew of people who went through the so-called Corman School, you see an awful lot of people who came out on the other side knowing a great deal about how to make movies. Roger basically gave you very little to work with, in fact, almost dared you to make a picture with so little material. But you were forced to think on your feet and you were forced to improvise and you were forced to learn everybody else's job, because on these shoots very often half of the people who were contracted to do one job discovered that they were more interested in doing another one... It was sort of a film school, basically.

Are you still using what you learned then today?

Oh, when you're making a picture very quickly you learn a lot of short cuts and then later, when you're maybe making a movie that's a little more expensive and a little more time consuming, there's still the same

WE MADE THESE PICTURES THINKING THAT THEY WOULD MAYBE PLAY IN THE DRIVE-IN AND THEN THEY WOULD BE FORGOTTEN.

JOE DANTE



amount of space between "action" and "cut" and what happens between "action" and "cut" is the movie. So you do learn that you can get away without shooting certain kinds of shots. You learn to stage your scenes so that you don't have to turn around and re-light. There are all sorts of little gimmicks that you tuck away for use at later dates.

I heard that Roger Corman shut down the production of *Piranha* early on. I was wondering if you could talk a little about that? Did that sort of thing happen often at New World Pictures?

Well, there were a lot of impulsive things at New World Pictures. One of them was that after the first night of shooting on *Piranha*, Roger got a budget that came in and he felt that the second unit cost was too high. And in an impulsive fit he just said, "Well, we'll just cancel the whole movie and we'll take the footage that you shot last night and we'll make another picture around it. That only lasted about ten minutes, then I managed to talk him back into making the movie. But, you know, he had his particular standards of what a picture would cost and this was a higher-budgeted picture for Roger because he was co-producing it with United Artists. So there was a little bit more money involved. The budget of that picture was, I think, \$300,000. But still, he knew exactly what the parameters were and he didn't want to go beyond them.

Was it clear from the get-go that it had to awe *Jaws*? Yeah, it was a rip-off of *Jaws*.

Well, I wasn't going to use that term...

Well, that was totally what it was, everybody knew it. We knew it; we even acknowledged it in the opening credits. It was very apparent what we were doing. What was interesting was that it was several years after *Jaws*. I thought maybe it was a little late to rip off *Jaws*, but it turned out coincidentally that *Jaws 2* was being made at the same time. They eventually were going to go head-to-head together, and Universal was not pleased about that, they threatened an injunction. This was all in the background for me, but years later I found out that they had tried to get an injunction against the distribution of



Joe And Company: (left to right) Actress Bradford Dillman and Heather Menzies, director Joe Dante and actor Kevin McCarthy on the set of *Piranha*.

Piranha and Steven Spielberg himself was shown it and told [the studio] people that they didn't get it, it was a parody and not a copy. He told people it was okay; I found this out after I worked for him. Obviously, if it wasn't for Steven the picture wouldn't have been released and I wouldn't have had a career.

How did you feel about being asked to rip off another movie?

Well, I did do something different with it. The initial idea was not a science fiction picture. I felt that my comfort zone would be much better served if the picture had science fiction elements in it. So, when it was rewritten by John Sayles, we made sure to add some sort of futuristic laboratory stuff and we put in a creature that a doctor had created—a stop-motion creature, which was completely uncalled for. But, I loved stop-motion and I wanted to have it in my first solo movie.

Were the parody elements in it when you signed on or did you bring that to the project?

I'm not sure how broad they were in the script, but it was certainly not going to be a heavy series picture. We did want to have some political content, but it seemed to me that you weren't going to get away from the fact that everybody knew what this was. We thought that the least you could do is let the audience in on the joke that you know what you're doing, that you're not under the misapprehension that this was some kind of original work. So, the tone of the picture, probably more so on the set than in the script, became more of a parody that tried to evoke the feeling of a '50s science fiction picture.

Like you said, Carman almost dared his directors to make films with few resources, so what were your major challenges?

Well, one thing is that we went to Texas to make the picture because it was cheaper to work there. And also there was a drought in California, so there were no rivers—we would have had to go pretty far to find anything. You know, we had a good cast but it was a cast with a TVQ [a system that ranks the popularity and public awareness of TV actors and properties], meaning that all of the actors were well known to the networks, so you could guarantee a network sale. The idea in those days was that a network sale was almost part of your budget. You had to plan for that. You wanted to make sure that you got a picture that, even if it tanked commercially, you would be able to sell to a network. That's why people like Keenan Wynn [as Jack, the old man who lives on the river] were hired for a day or two—for name value.

John Sayles wrote several creature features early in his career and then moved on to serious dramas. Did you get the sense that Piranha was just a paying gig for him, or was he a fan of the genre?

I don't think that John is a big horror movie fan, but he was just a really bright, intuitive guy. He knew the tropes. He had seen the earlier movies, he was not flustered cinematically at all. But he never decided to make those pictures himself, that's not where his mind was. He was much more politically minded. Because he had a talent for plotting and developing characters rather quickly, he was able to turn that into a way to finance his own motion pictures. So while he would be writing his own stuff, he would be paying for it by taking gigs like *Aligator* and *The Howling*.

Piranha was one of the first movies to employ Phil Tippett, Rob Bottin and Chris Walas, all of whom would go on to become major figures in the special effects industry. What was it like working with that crew?

We were all the same. We were all film geeks. We were all guys who loved movies and we were doing these things because we wanted to be in the business. That level of commitment and excitement is something that you really don't get later on when you have people who have been doing it for years and have set standard ways of doing things. This was all discovering on our own. We had no idea how we were going to do some of this stuff! I mean, it was way more ambitious than the project warranted. We spent a month down in a USC swimming pool trying to figure out how we would do these pranks. We would get in our wetsuits and go down into the pool, shoot the stuff, then we'd get up in the morning, go to the lab and look at it. If it didn't work, we'd have to go back and try to improvise something else. It was like being inventors. All these guys were excited to be there and did their way.

Cont'd on p. 22



Phi Tippett (top left bottom) Phi Tippett surfaces as a scuba diver corpse. Rob Bottin's half-eaten boat of himself, and Keenan Wynn with his legs picked clean

DEATH FROM BELOW

BY JOHN W. BOWEN

THIS SUMMER, ARMED WITH A 3-D CAMERA AND A GAZILLION GALLONS OF GORE, **ALEXANDRE AJA** UNLEASHES HIS MAJOR STUDIO VERSION OF *PIRANHA*.

LIKE MOST OF US, ALEXANDRE AJA ENJOYS SWIMMING, BUT HE HAS HIS LIMITS.

"I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ATTRACTED TO WATER. GROWING UP, I WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO GO TO A LOT OF DIFFERENT PLACES ON THE PLANET AND DO SCUBA DIVING AND EVERYTHING," THE DIRECTOR RECALLS WHILE TAKING A BREAK FROM POST-PRODUCTION DUTIES ON *PIRANHA 3D*. "BUT AFTER SEEING MOVIES LIKE *JAWS* AND *PIRANHA* AND *ORCA*, OF COURSE I GOT A LITTLE LESS CONFIDENT. IN THE OCEAN, YOU JUST GO DOWN AND OPEN YOUR EYES AND YOU KIND OF HAVE A VISION OF WHAT'S UNDERNEATH. IN A RIVER OR LAKE, WHEN IT'S MURKY AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE STEPPING IN, I ALWAYS HAD THAT FEAR OF NOT KNOWING, NOT BEING ABLE TO SEE."

Aja has tapped into that old, familiar undercurrent of uncertainty for *Piranha 3D*, a nature-run-amok action/horror hybrid that's already being touted as one of the goriest films ever made. However, despite the film's roots in '70s-era Bad Animal movies, and the French director's history of remakes (2006's *The Hills Have Eyes* and 2008's

Mirrors), he is adamant that this is not a remake of Joe Dante's 1978 cult classic *Piranha*.

"*The Hills Have Eyes* was a real remake, and when I did *Mirrors* it was like an adaptation, a new story," he says. "With *Piranha*, the studio bought the title but it's not a remake—it's a completely different story, completely different characters, different script. It's more like a new movie than a remake of the Joe Dante film, it's so different that even the Writers' Guild decided it's not a remake. Our storyline has an earthquake that releases prehistoric piranhas during spring break, which is really the opposite of Dante's, with the military research equipment unleashing them in the river during summer. Of course, you find the same essence, that kind of ride. I was just attracted to making a really fun popcorn movie with gore, full of dark humor."

Shot on location on a river in Arizona, Aja's film boasts a colorful cast that includes Elizabeth Shue, Ving Rhames, Jerry O'Connell and Christopher Lloyd, plus novel camera by Eli Roth and *Jaws* Richard Dreyfuss. And while the aforementioned popcorn factor does get a serious boost from state-of-the-art 3-D, the project wasn't originally planned that way.

"When I was writing the script with my partners, we were having so much fun doing the most over-the-top gore and death and all that stuff," Aja says, "and at the same time we were very excited to be reading about *Avatar* being the first big theatrical 3-D movie with that new technology. I was saying to them, 'Can you imagine really good 3-D applied to a horror movie?' And this was way before [the remake of] *My Bloody Valentine* and *The Final Destination*. So we started thinking about 3-D as a real component of the story





THERE WAS MORE BLOOD USED IN THIS MOVIE THAN ANY OTHER MOVIE EVER MADE.

ALEXANDRE AJA



we were writing, and I called [studio head] Bob Weinstein to try to convince him. It was really quick because he understood right away."

A ballooning budget and the prospect of a wide theatrical release are often early indicators that studio executives will jump in to micro-manage and potentially sink a film with controversial content. But Aja maintains that he's had relatively few struggles.

"I've tried as much as I can to apply in the States the same way I make movies in France," he says, "which is full creative freedom and working the way I want and writing my own scripts. It's not easy every day and there are a lot of fights, but mostly I've been lucky so far."

In an ironic twist, test screenings — the bane of many a filmmaker's existence — have actually helped Aja maintain a greater level of creative control on his previous outings than he might have enjoyed otherwise. So, while the tone of *Piranha 3D* may be light, the kills are consistently gory.

"We went so far, I think we beat *Kill Bill* — there was more blood used in this movie than any other movie ever made," Aja assures. "I think that gore is sometimes more acceptable than violence, like in *The Hills Have Eyes*, which was more visceral. You know, it's such a fine line — you don't want people to run away from the theatre puking. There has to be a fun component. That's why spring break really saved us, because we needed it to be very violent, gory and suspenseful but also very fun and light somehow."

The record amounts of gore mean a high body count, particularly in one scene that's already generated considerable anticipation among genre fans.

"Mostly it was the idea of spring break under attack — thousands of kids being massacred by the piranhas," he explains with a hint of macabre glee. "You have this wet T-shirt contest and several thousand kids watching from in the middle of the lake, and the piranhas attack. For more than twenty minutes it's just a massacre — in this movie you'll see very, very innovative ways of dying."

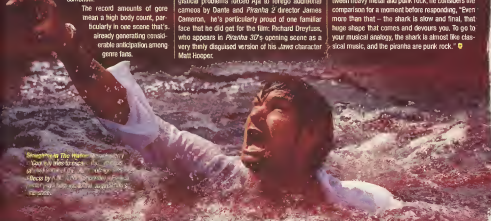
The scene in question rather fittingly features Eli Roth as the wet T-shirt contest emcee. Although logistical problems forced Aja to forego additional cameos by *Piranha 2* director James Cameron, he's particularly proud of one familiar face that he did get for the film: Richard Dreyfuss, who appears in *Piranha 3D*'s opening scene as a very thinly disguised version of his *Jaws* character Matt Hooper.

"I wanted to have a *Jaws* reference in this movie as well, because our *Piranha* is even closer to being a new *Jaws* for a new generation than it is to being a remake of the original *Piranha*," he says. "So I was writing that opening scene with the fisherman and the idea came to my writing partners and I that it would be an amazing, amazing surprise to see the character of Matt Hooper in our movie, you know, fishing in the lake — he doesn't want to go on the ocean anymore, he's retired — and getting attacked by the piranha. I thought it was such a fun idea that I went to Bob Weinstein, and he got super excited. And when something gets Bob excited, he never gives up!"

It turned out that Dreyfuss was a blast to work with, and even schooled Aja on the difference between his film and its spiritual grandparent.

"When Dreyfuss came to the set, he said *Jaws* was like [imitates *Jaws* theme] 'da-dum... da-dum, da-dum' and *Piranha* is like [rapid-fire] 'DAM-na-na-na-na-na-na-na!' recalls Aja with a laugh. "He was really expressing the difference between the shark and the piranha. The shark is tearing your body apart in one bite, but piranha are these little things eating little pieces of you and it's much more vicious, more nasty. They are a little bit more like germs." Joe Dante was my biggest influence on this movie, not because of *Piranha*, but because of *Gremlo*."

At the suggestion that the difference between a shark and piranha is similar to the difference between heavy metal and punk rock, he considers the comparison for a moment before responding, "Even more than that — the shark is slow and final, that huge shape that comes and devours you. To go to your musical analogy, the shark is almost like classical music, and the piranha are punk rock." 🐟



Shooting *The Hate* in France
Cory: Aja's director's cut
greatest moment of his career
by Aja: "I'm a director's cut
person" says Aja to the *Jaws* character
Matt Hooper.



Waterlogged: (clockwise from top) Debra (Barbara Steele) realizing her secret; she won't save her, a deleted scene with Rockford (Dillman) and Heather (Moores); Debra (Steele) as Mr. Duncanson; and (below) Barbara Steele as Dr. Morgue

very best. Phil nearly drowned making the picture. And you know, I think it's those salad days that you have when you're starting out. Nobody really knows what they're doing, but they're thrilled to do it and they work extra hard. And then eventually because they're good at what they do, they reach a point where they're allowed to do work with more money and more time on a picture that has a bigger profile and they have the careers that they have.

Bottom was only seventeen at the time — was that a concern?

Not really. In fact, in order to get him to do it, we had to let him direct second unit. He had a little scene he wanted to do with his then-girlfriend. I said, "I can give you a camera, but I can't give you any sound." He said, "That's okay, I'll make them deaf-mutes." So he did this scene, which is not in the picture, about these two people — who have nothing to do with the rest of the movie — on a lake, and they're having this pseudo-love scene with sign language and the piranhas eat them. For that scene he created this half-eaten head of himself, which is the only piece of that sequence that survives in the movie. It pops up in the scene at the resort with everybody screaming. There's a shock cut to a half-eaten head that pops up on the screen, and that's actually Rob Bottin's head.

Since the effects were so experimental, was there anything that you really needed to get, but weren't able to?

[Laughs] Well, like half of everything in the movie!

Anything in particular, though?

I just remember being terrified that none of it was going to work and the picture would be a complete disaster. Once I was finished shooting it, I spent all my time in the editing room, I practically lived there. I didn't even go to the wrap party because I was so busy trying to figure out whether the piranhas looked better at three

frames or at eight frames [for film per second]. So it was a very intense period of my life, which I frankly don't remember a great deal of.

Was the casting of Barbara Steele a specific nod to past horror films?

Sure. Well, it wasn't a specific reference so much as a result of the fact that I love Barbara Steele. The part was originally written for a man, I thought that was interesting, but let's see if Barbara will do it and we'll rewrite it. And so she agreed to do it and we rewrote it.

Were you disappointed that you weren't able to helm Piranha 2?

In a word, no. I was very happy to leave Piranha. It was an opportunity for Jim [Cameron]. Unfortunately, he was dealing with an Italian producer who wasn't very sympathetic to him. But, who can argue with flying piranhas? It's fine with me!

You had nothing to do with the '90s remake, but you were asked to be a part of Alexandre Aja's new film, right?



I was asked to be in it, actually. But, unfortunately, I was finishing another picture and couldn't do it. El Ruth plays my part.

Thoughts on the Aja's version?

Well, it's not really a remake. It's not the same story, it's not the same characters, it's just the same idea. It's... what do they call them? A "re-imagining." I mean, they're using the title and making a similar movie, which is what we did. So fine with me... I'm okay with remakes, but I don't think it's a particularly imaginative way to spend an entire industry, doing nothing but remakes. Remakes have a place and there are a lot of great remakes. I mean, *The Mummy* is the second remake of that story, and that's the one we all remember. *Wizard of Oz* is a remake. But it just seems like we're getting a steady diet of remakes and it's kind of lazy.

Your latest feature, *The Hole*, is not a remake. It played at last year's Toronto International Film Festival — what are the release plans?

Well, what happened with *The Hole* is that when I talked the producers into making it in 3-D, they did some research and figured out all the other 3-D movies that were coming out in the next year or so, and how many theaters there would be at that time, and they based their decision on that. But what they didn't know was that there was going to be an influx of other movies that were shot flat, then converted into 3-D. So now there are so many of these pictures that there's a glut, and the play dates just aren't there for a picture as small as *The Hole*. The best I've heard is that it is going to come out in the fall. It may come out in Europe earlier than that, but I'm really not that connected to it.

It's been a little while since you've done a feature film. What made you decide to get back into doing features with that particular project?

You don't ever decide to not make features. You just find out that when you make a picture that's as big of a flop as *Looney Tunes: Back in Action*, you aren't making any features for a while. So you work in television or anywhere that you can. And you try to get things off of the ground. Most directors' time is spent not making movies, but making deals to try to make movies and looking for money and stuff like that. So, it's not like you're not making movies, you're still trying to make movies. It's just that most of the pictures you try to get financed don't get made. Or, you go out for a picture and there are 27 other directors who want to do it. So you go have your meeting and you get considered but don't get the job. The in-between time is almost harder than making a movie.

The '70s were a golden age for exploitation monster movies, but did you ever think that more than three decades later Piranha would still be so popular?

We got away with things then that you could never get away with today. I mean, I tell off a whole summer camp full of kids and it's not even the last reel. I'm astonished that the [Corman] pictures are as famous as they are. I mean, we made these pictures thinking that they would maybe play in the drive-in and then they would be forgotten. Maybe they'd end up on TV at some point at midnight some night. But otherwise, we really didn't think that they would have much shelf life. But as it turned out, some of these pictures are better known than the Academy Award winners of the same era.

HUMANOIDS FROM THE DEEP IS ROGER CORMAN'S MOST CONTROVERSIAL MOVIE, BUT AS THE LEGENDARY PRODUCER EXPLAINS, THE **PIRANHA** COMPANION FILM WAS REALLY JUST EXPLOITATION BUSINESS AS USUAL.

THE CREATURE STALKS!

BY JOHN W. BOWEN

"WE'VE WORKED IN JUST ABOUT EVERY GENRE OVER THIS PERIOD, AND WE KEEP COMING BACK TO HORROR AND SCIENCE FICTION. THEY'RE PERENNIAL," SAYS CHARMING OCTOGENARIAN ROGER CORMAN, REFLECTING ON A CAREER IN B MOVIES THAT BEGAN SIX DECADES AGO. CORMAN, WHO SPOKE WITH *RUE MORGUE* OVER THE PHONE FROM HIS OFFICE IN LOS ANGELES, CONTINUES TO ENJOY ACCOLADES, INCLUDING A TRIBUTE AT THE OSCARS BACK IN MARCH, AND NEW REISSUES OF A NUMBER OF TITLES HE PRODUCED DURING THE 1970S AND '80S. AMONG THEM, A CERTAIN GORY CREATURE FEATURE IN WHICH A NORTHERN CALIFORNIA FISHING HAMLET IS TERRORIZED BY SEX-CRAZED SEA MONSTERS.

Humanoids From the Deep (1980) — out August 3 on DVD and Blu-ray from Shout! Factory — took the sexual themes of *The Creature From the Black Lagoon* (and hence *King Kong* before it) to their logical extreme: Instead of the classic tragic monster doomed by falling in love with a human woman, audiences were now witnessing multiple creatures lurching out of the depths to rape every available female and gratuitously waste any male who got in the way.

"They were simply part of the script: It was an R-rated film," explains Corman of the film's particularly gres elements. "We've never done anything beyond an R. I don't think we even had any trouble with the ratings board. It's just a simple, straight R-rated film."

Nevertheless, the media backlash was swift, and the outcry from feminists and fundamentalists was particularly shrill.

The famously ironic footnote to the controversy is that *Humanoids* was directed by a woman, Barbara Peeters. She apparently had few qualms about depicting violence against men but shied away from graphically victimizing women, a problem that required extra footage to be shot.

Corman recalls, "I told her before we shot, 'Remember, Barbara, what happens is very simple: the humanoids rape the women and kill the men.' She said, 'Not it — rape the women and kill the men.' Well, she shot the killing of the men — such a bloodthirsty, violent way that we actually had to trim it down a little bit. But for the raping of the women, she showed all fourties and shadows on rods. We had to have the assistant director go back out and shoot those things!"

And how did the reshoots affect the producer-director relationship?

Corman laughs, "It didn't improve, I'll say that much."

Whether or not there was any merit to the hysteria, this much

remains certain: *Humanoids*, while not particularly sophisticated, was nonetheless a horror film that understood its mission and worked very efficiently, qualities that earned it a healthy payday (though not as big as the one for *Piranha*, notes Corman) during its initial theatrical run, and later allowed it to slowly build a huge cult following on home video.

"I'm not certain if the controversy had any effect [on the box office], but if it did, I think it helped because it sort of advertised the

sensational aspects. It was a very successful film for us," says Corman.

Typical of Corman productions, *Humanoids* before they were famous factor is formidable. Peeters is hardly the most notable director on Corman's roster, but she subsequently enjoyed considerable success directing prime-time TV hits, including *Beverly Hills Steele*, *Simon and Simon* and *Falcon Crest*. Over producer Gale Anne Hurd (*Alien* and *Jurassic* series) was a production assistant, the tragically evocative music score was written by future Oscar-winner James Horner (*Titanic*, 48 Hours) and — try not to hold it against him — *Tomb Raider*), and then-twenty-year-old effects prodigy Rob Bottin (*Piranha*, *The Fog*, *The Thing*, *Se7en*) designed the monsters.

Linda Shayne, who makes a brief (and eventually topless) appearance as a local beauty queen during the film's climactic sequence, would later become an acclaimed director of children's films.

Released only a few years apart, *Piranha* and *Humanoids* can now be considered companion pieces, with their aquatic themes grounded in genetic engineering gone awry.

"We were aware of the controversy — which still exists today — over genetic engineering, and we just used it as what passes for a logical explanation," says Corman, who recently produced a film called *Slavikhouse* for the Syfy network. "My theory is the audience wants to see the creature and you've got to give them some sort of explanation. It need not be detailed or fully believable, but it should be close enough to reality that the audience, as the old phrase goes, can willingly suspend their disbelief. The audience goes along with it because they want to see the picture." 🐾



NIGHTMARES in DECAY, A NEW BOOK CELEBRATING MACABRE ARTIST **HARRY CLARKE**,
SIGNALS A RENEWED INTEREST IN TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY GENRE ARTWORK.



CONVULSIVE BEAUTY by CHRIS JOZEFOWICZ

THE MAN HAS TERROR IN HIS EYES. HE'S RESTRAINED WITH TIGHT BLACK WRAPPINGS THAT LOOK LIKE SOME KIND OF BIZARRE FETISH GEAR. RATS CLIMB OVER HIS IMMOBILIZED FORM AND NIBBLE AT THE EDGES OF HIS MOUTH. A BLADE SLICES THE AIR ABOVE HIM, SWINGING EVER CLOSER. THE SPACE BEHIND HIM SWIRLS WITH STRINGY SHAPES THAT EVOKE THE ENTRAILS THAT SEEM ABOUT TO BE RIPPED FROM HIS BODY.

It may sound like a scene from a Clive Barker story or even a Saw film (if directed by David Cronenberg), but this horrid vision was drawn by Irish artist Harry Clarke in 1919 for Edgar Allan Poe's "The Pit and the Pendulum." Clarke delighted in lending his elegant style to the most horrible situations and grotesque figures, in a body of work that includes a string of often-infamous book illustrations created over a twenty-year period. Critics at the time marveled at the artist's "flesh-creeping, brain-haunting illustrations of horror, terror and the unspeakable" (M.C. Salama), yet his work is almost unknown by the public today.

A new book collecting Clarke's art, titled *Nightmares in Decay* (out this summer from Creation Books), seeks to change that. It compiles more than 38 disturbing illustrations that Clarke made for the 1919 and 1923 editions of Poe's *Tales of Mystery and Imagination*.

"We felt his work was unjustly neglected," says Creation publisher James Williamson. "There was no book in print celebrating his work... We didn't feel it necessary to reprint Poe's stories for the millionth time, and felt it would be better to dedicate a book solely to Clarke."

DM Mitchell, writer and co-publisher of the online transgressive art and literature magazine *Pansyville*, wrote the 20-page introduction and says that viewers of Clarke's time, who saw only horror in the art, missed something essential. "The horror element is only a part of it—an important part—but not the whole thing," he explains. "There's an enormous beauty in his work that the horror sort of contrasts with and intensifies."

To truly grasp Clarke's oeuvre, one must understand the illustration traditions and intellectual trends of his era. Born in 1896, he belonged to a loose collection of artists who were united by a shared attraction to macabre subjects—as found in art stretching back to the prints of Albrecht Dürer (1471–1528) and beyond—as well as a compulsion to cross boundaries. They drafted dark works in a time before horror was a marketing category, and left behind a legacy of images that enchant and repulse in equal measure to this day.

Vincent Di Fate, an illustrator and illustration historian, says that other movements that might have produced horrific artwork, such as the Gothic fiction craze that peaked in the first half of the 19th century, predicated the technology required to mass produce high-quality art.

"Reproduction methods for illustration were extremely limited," he notes. "Artists were limited to working in black and white. The preponderance of black illustrations for horror were as much a factor of the limitations of print technology as they were the literary content of the stories being illustrated."

The technology that allowed lavish illustrations such as Clarke's to be printed didn't arrive until the late 1800s. And, only then, did



Harry Clarke Illustrations: (clockwise, from top) *Masque Of The Red Death* by Aubrey Beardsley; *The Doctor's Reward* by Baudouin; *High Land Of Silence* by Sime; and (top-right) *The Pit And The Pendulum* by Harry Clarke.



of the design movement known as Aestheticism.

"[Aestheticism] amounted to a collective fantasy projected by artistically aware members of the middle class, an attempt to escape the ugliness and over-ornamentation then characteristic of industrial products with the creation for themselves of an environment of exotic yet pure romantic beauty," Popkin explains in her book.

But artists with temperaments similar to Clarke's were also under the sway of dark currents flowing in from Continental Europe. Symbolist art grew out of a French appreciation for writers such as Poe, and stressed moody metaphor over realism or morality. Artists also embraced Decadence, a movement that sought beauty in degeneracy and exploited artifice, cynicism and perversity (see *RAW* 7/3). Both Symbolists and Decadents strived to capture, in the words of poet Théophile Gautier, "the dying confessions of passion grown depraved and the strange hallucinations of the obsession which is turning to madness."

"They were at a crossroads between the centuries—and the conflict between faith and science," says Mitchell. "It has to do with what is outside of the sphere of human knowledge and experience—the uncertainty, the unknown, the realization that humanity is not necessarily the pinnacle of creation or the centre of the universe."

Of the artists who influenced Clarke, none seemed more typical of this age of uncertainty than Aubrey Beardsley, who shot to fame in the 1890s as art editor of *The Yellow Book*, a notorious avant-garde periodical (see sidebar). Beardsley's often-controversial illustrations provide a perfect pictorial record of the "naughty nineties," a period in British history known for loosening social mores and lavish living. In just six years, he forced freshness into polite Anglo-fantasy, then succumbed to tuberculosis in 1898 at age 25.

Before Beardsley, some illustrators had crafted images that seemed to capture hallucinations, a prime example being Sir John Tenniel's phantasmagoria for Alice's Adventures in Wonderland (1865). But Beardsley tapped into a nightmare tradition that stretches back centuries in Western art, one that encompasses the hellish visions of artists such as Hieronymus Bosch and Francisco Goya, painters whose monsters seem to depict the very essence of illness and insanity.

"Beardsley was a very extraordinary man who lived a very dangerous life and embraced this kind of imagery," Di Fede says. "He was constantly harangued by publishers who found his artwork too explicit... Beardsley was a guy drawn to these macabre subjects, these dangerous subjects."

For Beardsley, this meant showcasing upfront sexuality, dwarves, fetuses, hybrid monsters and all sorts of other grotesque boundary crossing. Beardsley himself claimed: "I have one aim: the grotesque. If I am not grotesque, I am nothing."

The kind of grotesqueries that influenced Clarke can be seen in Beardsley's *Enter Herodias*, an illustration for Oscar Wilde's play *Salome*, which depicts a princess from the Old Testament lured to pleasure and fanned by a naked, effeminate man and a creature with a huge fetal head. The creature's erection is barely masked by clothing, and the beast has a cloven hoof for a foot. The scene is presented by a dandified sorcerer at the bottom of the image, standing next to candles apparently borrowed from a satanic mass. Art historian Kenneth Clark called it "the most evil of all Beardsley's drawings."

The contrasts between the monstrous and the human in the work, and the revulsion and attraction it stirs in its viewer, creates a power that surrealist writer and theorist André Breton would come to call "convulsive beauty." Mitchell says it is a state "where horror and eroticism and traditional beauty blend into each other. And each element intensifies the others."

But the Decadent period that Beardsley energized burned out before Clarke came onto the scene. It was replaced by a milder form of fantasy, which began to dominate the book market. Artists such as Arthur Rackham and Edmund Dulac produced gorgeous illustrations of fairyies and *Stories of the Arabian Nights*. But the intoxicating mix of horror and beauty that Beardsley pioneered, as well as his style of graceful lines and dramatic black and white compositions, lived on in the work of a few artists that directly preceded Clarke.

William T. Horton took cues from Beardsley, and in his *Book of Images* (1896) collected a series of often-gloomy drawings with oppressive black tones and empty white areas. *Twelve Cities*, *Twelve Diagrams* and *Twelve Characters* create a mood of melancholic mystery. Likewise, British artist Sidney Sime began his career as a Beardsley *pastichur*, mimicking the look



Golden Age Of The Grotesque (clockwise): The Zany of the Crowd by Beardsley, and The Man Of The Crowd by Clarke

these improved production methods led to an explosion of books and magazines, which in turn gave rise to the Golden Age of Illustration, a period that stretched from roughly the 1880s through to the 1920s. During this time, genres with fantastic drawings became emblems of middle-class sophistication and success, especially in the UK, where, as Bridget Popkin (author of *Fantasy: The Golden Age of Fantastic Illustration*) points out, "the influence of advertising for a created an environment in which fantasy thrived. For instance, the country's rapid urbanization upended people's traditional relationships with nature, which resulted in the birth

of the artist's work, but soon devalued a fantastic style of his own. Some produced drawings for classic world tale authors such as Arthur Machen and William Hope Hodgson. In 1908 he began a multi-decade project illustrating Lord Dunsany's tales, a partnership that would influence H.P. Lovecraft. ("Some does splendid teamwork with Dunsany, seeming to share his bizarre and individual vision as few could," wrote Lovecraft.)

Sime's bizarre visions generated countless hybrid creatures, in an illustration for "The Zagabog," a fantastic poem by Eden Philpotts, a mutant menagerie towers over a field of dancing infants. In Sime's art, the grotesque became less menacing than it had been in Beardsley's art, but his work still startled viewers with its depictions of the unnatural. As Sime himself described one of his monsters: "Part is beautiful, part is complicated, part is unhealthy and the whole thing is unwholesome and atrocious."

But it was Clarke who ultimately took the Symbolist art-for-art's-sake impulse and combined it with the grotesque to produce nightmarish scenes that surpassed even Beardsley's most notorious work.

"None of the artistic progeny of Beardsley managed quite such an individual note of dozing realness," wrote art critic John Russell Taylor of Clarke's illustrations.

Beardsley's influence is apparent in the bold black and white compositions of many of Clarke's early drawings, including some of his Poe illustrations (which he began in 1914). But Clarke distinguished himself with an intricacy of details piled one on top of another. His creatures feel corporeal. The decomposed body depicted in his drawing for "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar" looks spongy. Black juices drain from the eyes, nose, mouth, and all along the rotting remains. The illustration is a perfect complement to Poe's already graphic text. "Upon the bed, before that whole company, there lay a nearly liquid mass of loathsome — of detestable putridity."

The Poe illustrations, as reproduced in the 88-page *Nightmares in Decay*, also demonstrate Clarke's ability to use colour to craft gorgeous, vibrant images despite their monstrous subject matter. Clarke developed his mastery of colour in his father's stained glass studio, where he was educated in both art and stained glass at a young age. In fact, for much of his working life Clarke split his efforts between making windows for churches and producing his often-horrific drawings, confessing he needed the drawing as an escape from the religious work.

Clarke's image for "The Man of the Crowd" is at first glance a baroque patchwork of pastels dominated by the dark figure of a ghoulish old man. But the eye quickly moves down the man's body to a naked, headless corpse with a

The YELLOW BOOK AND The SAVOY GIVE GLIMPSES OF THE PUBLIC'S LOVE/HATE RELATIONSHIP WITH DARK ART IN THE LATE 1800s.

PERIODICAL PROVOCATIONS

by CHRIS JOZEFOWICZ



IN FIN DE SIÈCLE ENGLAND, YELLOW WAS THE COLOUR OF CORRUPTION AND CULTURAL DECAY. READERS LOOKING FOR SEXY AND SCARY THRILLS BOUGHT DECADENT FRENCH NOVELS THAT CAME WRAPPED IN YELLOW PAPER. SO WHEN BRITISH ILLUSTRATOR AUBREY BEARDSLEY HELPED CREATE AN AVANT-GARDE JOURNAL TO SHAKE UP THE REIGNING ORDER, HE AND HIS PARTNERS CLAIMED THE COLOUR IN ITS TITLE.

The *Yellow Book* launched in 1894 as a quarterly publication, and quickly established itself as the home of challenging images and risqué fiction and poetry. The working class already had its penny dreadfuls, but when the intelligentsia wanted something shocking, they turned to *The Yellow Book*.

The standards of the late Victorian era called for art with obvious themes that reinforced mainstream values, says Mark Valentine, a writer of weird fiction who edits a journal devoted, in part, to Decadent literature. "Any book which did not offer a moral, or in which a deviation from respectability was allowed to go unpunished, would have been seen as shocking by the state. The same is true in the visual arts."

In *The Yellow Book*, readers encountered images of fairs, lesbian women and deformed caricatures among the more respectable landscapes and portraits. The journal carried some nihilistic stories, but also contained tales such as Vernon Lee's "Prince Albic and the Snake Lady," in which a prince falls in love with a supernatural snake woman.

Beardsley's drawings, in particular, upset the guardians of good taste. His black and white works featured mischievous imps jostling with well-dressed ladies. In one illustration, a band of monstrous musicians play in an orchestra pit.

"It was non-naturalistic, grotesque and the subject matter was artificial," says Valentine of Beardsley's work.

Critics at the time attacked Beardsley's *Yellow Book* illustrations as "heavily" and fixated on his art's "repulsiveness and insolence." Pressure from Victorian moralists increased in 1895 when London newspapers reported that Oscar Wilde held an issue of *The Yellow Book* under his arm while being arrested for "gross indecency." The outrage that began pouring down upon him became too much for publisher John Lane, and Beardsley was sacked after just four issues. Never mind that Wilde was actually carrying a French novel and not a copy of the magazine, as reported.

Beardsley took his fantastic visions to his next job as art editor of a new periodical called *The Savoy*. Publisher Leonard Smithers, who also sold erotic books and even tomes bound in human skin, wanted a journal dedicated to art for art's sake, no matter where that impulse led.

The first issue of *The Savoy* introduced Beardsley's illustrations for Alexander Pope's *The Rape of the Lock*. His beau-

tiful images hide horrific details. Misshapen dearies populate the lower margins, while clothing and decor blend into the human figures. A careful examination turns up breasts and clown hooves in the busy design.

Other issues of *The Savoy* would present demonic portraits and macabre scenes from the mystical artist William T. Harris. ("The *Savoy* was even more extreme than Lane allowed in *The Yellow Book*," notes Valentine.)

But the public wasn't ready for dark, Decadent art on such a mass-produced scale, even if it was balanced with more acceptable writers such as George Bernard Shaw. *The Savoy* sold poorly, with some booksellers refusing to stock it, due to its association with Beardsley and his circle. Ultimately, the periodical produced a mere eight issues in 1896 before folding. As Hesketh Pearson wrote in his biography of Wilde, *The Savoy* "might just as well have been called *The Beardsley*, for he was, if not the life and soul, at least the body and the death of it."

A complete issue archive of both *The Yellow Book* and *The Savoy* are available for viewing online at archive.org.



Beardsley's Beardsley: The Rape of the Lock from *The Savoy*, and (above) an uncolored cover illustration for *The Yellow Book*.

crimson neck, slumped lying among the colourful alley detritus at his feet. Equally dramatic is Clarke's colour plate for "The Fall of the House of Usher," which features a monstrous amalgamation with multiple mouths, eyes, claws, breasts, penises and orifices.

"It was shocking to morals and tastes of the time – the explicit horror and the strong overtones of eroticism," Mitchell admits. "Whereas Beardsley and Wilde were castigated, Clarke was largely ignored, which is a weird form of censorship in many ways."

Nicola Gordon Bowe, a design historian and author of *The Life and Work of Harry Clarke*, says that Clarke's obsession with bulbous, minutely rendered organic forms is partly related to his poor health. Like Beardsley, Clarke was plagued by respiratory problems.

"A lot of those things that do look like bodily protuberances also look quite like underwater plants," she notes. "He was fascinated by tiny little organisms and I think that was part of the 'galloping consumption.'"

A few years after the Poe work, Clarke provided illustrations for a 1925 edition of German author Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's "Faust," for which he offered up a plethora of bodies that completely filled the margins of some of the images.

"He's trying to conjure up the fleshly inferno," Gordon Bowe says. "It's meant to be horrible, it's meant to be the bestiary of faked-out senses."

That's something that's very Gothic, the idea of eternal lust coming back and hitting you in the face, especially if your body's ancient. It's a very hellish concept. And it's amazing that such a young man could dream this up."

Some reviewers found the horror hard to take. A negative review in *The Irish Times* complained that "every picture



shocks, but shocks only as might some horror of the operating theatre or some untold abnormal thing of a surgeon's museum." Booksellers called it "low and stinking" and "nausea-taste-in-the-mouth kind of stuff." Even Clarke's publisher expressed disappointment with the "Faust" images, but while Clarke admitted they were "gruesome," he loved them.

Mitchell believes that Clarke's early 1900s version of body horror was an attempt to break free of natural restrictions. "I think he was trying to transcend the limits of the flesh, of mortality," he says. "He blurs the boundaries between human and plant and animal in a delicious sort of way. Bodies mutate and fluctuate."

Over the next few years, Clarke developed characteristically striking images for a collection of Algernon Charles Swinburne poems, but his health was failing. He died of tuberculosis in 1935, at age 41, with plans still in his head for illustrated editions of Decadent classics. Charles Baudelaire's *Les fleurs du mal* and J.K. Huysmans' *A Rebours*.

After his death, Clarke's morbid influence spread to some of his contemporaries. The illustrator known as Alastair (Hans Heinrich Von Vogt) took up the artist's long, dramatically posed figures with dark circles around their eyes – think goth meets fashion model. But ultimately, Clarke's unbending demise coincided with the end of an era. After World War II, the market for pricey illustrated books declined rapidly and cheaper productions expanded dramatically, as the popularity of pulps and comic strips mushroomed, and cinema began to challenge print as a delivery mechanism for fantastic images, most of the dark visionaries of the Golden Age of Illustration were relegated to varying degrees of obscurity. But Gordon Bowe believes that Clarke's reputation, at least, is on the rise.

"There's definitely a new wave of interest in the work, and I think it's just a new generation of people," she says. "For a long time, the older generation, they thought it was awful. And I think it came back with people interested in psychedelic art and horror comics and all that stuff."

As it is to prove Gordon Bowe's point, several modern-day genre artists, including UK-based illustrator John Coulthart and Los Angeles' DW Frydendall, have revived Clarke's distinctive style and

embellished it with their own modern touches. DW Frydendall traces his drive to create horrific drawings directly back to Clarke, whom he discovered when, as a child, he stumbled upon a neighbour's copy of *Tales of Mystery and Imagination* featuring the artist's illustrations.

"Clarke's artwork made me a little nauseous when I first saw it," he says. "It was clean and darkly drawn with a sense of corruption, insanity and pure horror. I was instantly hooked... A lot of my images are highly influenced by him. *Death Walking* is almost a rip off of his style" (in that drawing, the embelishing cadaver's long, thin form recalls Clarke's exaggerated figures.)

John Coulthart, meanwhile, turned to Clarke in a series of pastiches for David Britton's Lord Horror comic series *Reverberation*, but in his hands, Clarke's stretched bodies and gory details grow even more gruesome as Coulthart updated them for present-day audiences primed for high-impact horror.

"I was knocked out by Clarke's compositions, the detail and decor, and also the way he took [Aubrey] Beardsley's influence and developed a unique and very personal style," Coulthart says, noting that the internet now makes viewing the Irish master's work easier than ever before. "It's funny that Harry Clarke has a bigger audience now than he ever had when he was alive."



Drawn To Deviation: (clockwise from top) *Masque Of The Red Death* by Clarke, *Goth Walking* by DW Frydendall, and one of Clarke's notorious *Faust* illustrations.

World Premiere Exclusively at BLOCKBUSTER® August 6

FANGORIA® FRIGHTFEST™



WATCH the chilling, special preview "8 FANGORIA® FRIGHTS" featuring interviews with the filmmakers, clips, behind-the-scenes footage, and more, hosted by the curvaceous Cerina (Cabin Fever) Vincent! Check with your local cable/satellite provider. Then look for Fangoria® FrightFest™ in the MOVIES ON DEMAND menu.



LOG ON to www.fangoriafrightfest.com.

Watch trailers, behind-the-scenes featurettes, and many more gore goodies.



FIND EXCLUSIVE WORLD PREMIERE of the eight Fangoria® FrightFest™ films available at BLOCKBUSTER Stores, BLOCKBUSTER By Mail® and digitally through BLOCKBUSTER on Demand®, Friday August 6, 2010.



www.blockbuster.com



LIGHTNING

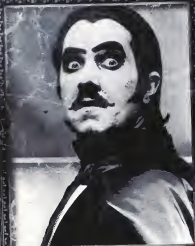


No purchase necessary. Visit www.fangoriafrightfest.com for details. © 2010 Fangoria. All rights reserved. Fangoria is a registered trademark of Fangoria. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners. The BLOCKBUSTER logo, design and related marks are trademarks of Blockbuster Inc. © 2010 Blockbuster Inc. All rights reserved.

The eight Fangoria® FrightFest™ movies will also be available September 20, 2010, at DVD retailers and through digital downloads and Video-On-Demand services nationwide.

A NEW DOCUMENTARY
CELEBRATES THE WORLD'S
MOST UNSTOPPABLE

**HORROR
HOST**
Count
GORE
DE VOL



King of the
CARDBOARD
CASTLE

by **Eric Veillette**

HORROR HOSTS WERE NOTHING NEW TO THE TELEVISION AIRWAVES OF THE 1970s. Since the early 1960s, with the likes of *Vampire* and *Zacherley*, and into the 1990s, with *Sir Graves Ghastly* and *Ghoulard*, they provided late-night creature comforts for horror fans both young and old. But while most of their shows have come and gone, one show, *Creature Feature*, which debuted on WDCA out of Washington, DC in 1973, continues today. Its host, Count Gore de Vol, played by Dick Dyzel, finally gets his due in *BrinkDVD's* recently released documentary, *Every Other Day Is Halloween*.

The Trineyhaven-accented Count — whose name is a play on satirical author and political essayist Gore Vidal — is an amalgam of various pathos-driven characters derived from Dyzel's childhood: Jackie Gleason, Rod Taylor and the great clown, Emmett Kelly.

"Gore is the kind of vampire with great ideas who never succeeds," jokes Dyzel, 63, speaking to *Rue Morgue* from his home in Washington, DC. "We just finished editing a movie that's going up on Saturday, and once again, the tables turn on him. He's the Homer Simpson of vampires."

Before Gore, Dyzel experimented with a prototype, M.T. Graves, at WXXX-TV in Paducah, Kentucky. Then, when he took a gig at WDCA, he started with a character named Captain 20, a Spock-eared, jumpsuit-wearing sports who hosted an afternoon show of cartoons and serials. Dyzel also played Bozo the Clown, and turned the venerable kids' variety program into a game show. Soon, like scores of other entertainers at local stations across the US before him, he was given his own horror host gig with *Creature Feature*. The Count was born to introduce a variety of goofy genre movies each week. It was here that kids, such as *Every Other Day* as Halloween director C.W. Prather, discovered him.

"I watched Bozo in the morning, Captain 20 in the afternoon, and when I was about nine or ten I began staying up late to watch Count Gore De Vol," reminisces Prather. "Even though he is kind of the iconic 'vampire' character, the fun he was having resembled and was contagious. He allows himself to be the butt of a joke and underneath it all, you can tell he gets it and keeps moving forward. If there's a mistake during the show, he's likely to stop and point it out."

Footage of these early shenanigans is quite rare because a station with a limited budget would reuse the tapes, worth \$300 at the time, until they eventually fell apart. ("The fact that anything survived is amazing," Dyzel says. "It's like *The Twilight Story* — they don't have anything from the first episodes.") Luckily, he possessed the foresight to preserve some of the tapes. A portion of that salvaged footage — which Dyzel has donated to the US National Archives — appears in *Every Other Day* as Halloween.

Dyzel says he loved the looseness and freedom that the show offered, but had no direct input into the selection of the films themselves (until the 1980s). Yet it's fitting that some of the first ones broadcast were science-fiction flicks from the 1950s, such as *Them!* and *Thematale* — the very films he adored as a kid growing up in Chicago.

Although *Creature Feature* was the first horror host program to air *Night of the Living Dead* uncut, often the movies were of the more typical schlocky variety, including *Attack of the Giant Leeches* and *Whispering Women* vs. *The Atomic Mummy*. No matter how bad some of the films were, though, the show was respectful and rarely stepped into the frame while the film was broadcast to interact with them, a horror host staple that went as far back as Zachary in the 1950s.

"I did not want to interrupt the movies," says Dyzel. "The few times we did it was like in *Phantom*, when Gore would walk down the hall of the mausoleum [in the movie]; he was never actually interacting with the film."

Setting *Creature Feature* above other horror shows of the mid-1970s — many of which were disappearing due to *Saturday Night Live*'s takeover of the late-night market — was its old-time burlesque feel, meshed with sexual innuendo and the politics of the era. Kids could talk about it in the schoolyard on Monday morning, while adults guffawed over Gore's annual failed attempts to score with the *Posthouse* Pet of the Year.

"Sometimes I'd ignore the concept of the film and just do something else entirely," recalls Dyzel. "Burt Reynolds does a fold-out for *Playboy* and I could not let him get away with that. I could not let him be America's sex symbol. So we parodied it by having Gore pose for a centerfold, and when it came time to reveal the outer fold, the rest of me was skeleton!"

Despite the wide appeal of the humor (apparently the Count's political-themed material made him a favorite of the area's politicians, who would watch him on Saturday nights at the local pub), *Creature Feature* also eventually fell to the success of late-night comedy and was cancelled in 1979. Dyzel fought to revive it and, after a five-year hiatus, it returned to the airwaves, featuring a guest appearance from Forrest J Ackerman.

But by 1987 Dyzel saw the writing on the wall; the station's new owners no longer saw any viability with in-house production and the show was cancelled again. "They fired the production staff, but kept me around, hoping I'd quit so that they wouldn't have to pay my pension," he claims.

At first, Dyzel became a DJ in the DC area, but the possibilities of the internet in the '90s soon enticed him back to the Count once more. Although the technology was still very limited in 1998, *Creature Feature* re-launched as the world's first online horror host show at countgore.com and has continued ever since, offering new weekly episodes. The rebuilt set even looks identical to what he used at WDCA, right down to the *Vampirella* poster inside the lid of the Count's coffin.

Upon *Creature Feature*'s digital revival, Dyzel discovered a network of other horror hosts, sharing tricks of the trade via mailing lists and message boards.



Creature Feature aficionados from left: The Count greets you, exclaiming 'Beh! Logan's rag with Forrest J Ackerman, Karla Bonoff and the *Monsterland* as musical guests, and (right) The Count with actress/writer Glen Anne Gabbet.

"We should have been supporting each other like this all along, but we never spoke to each other back in the day," he says. "We were very protective of our markets. Now we make guest appearances on each others' shows!"

Prather says that Dyzel's ability to adapt and evolve is key. "The fact that he's still doing it and is so encouraging of others who are also doing it, sets him apart."

While many of those interviewed in *Every Other Day* as Halloween — including a younger generation of horror hosts inspired by Gore, such as Dr. Sarcology (*The Spooky Movie*), Karla Bonoff (*Monster Madhouse Live!*) and Penny Dreadful (*Shilling Shockers*) — remark that while the internet is great, its push-button, instantaneously accessible nature can't replace the anticipation of waiting for your local TV broadcast.

Dyzel disagrees. Often asked when he'll return to the airwaves, he says "Why should I? I'm as free as I've ever been. I keep telling my producer I'll retire in 2013, then I'll have been on the internet longer than I was on television!"



**RUE MORQUE ROUNDS UP SIX
HORROR HOSTS**
TO ASK THEM WHY THEY KEEP TV'S
MOST SCARE-IFYING TRADITION ALIVE.

The LATE SHIFT

by Trevor Tuminski and Eric Vaillette



MR. LOBO
CINEMA50MMIA.COM

1 "THEY'RE NOT BAD MOVIES — JUST MISUNDERSTOOD," says the bespectacled suit-and-tie guy behind nationally syndicated *Cinema 50mm*. Featured on many stations across the US, Erik Lobo regularly trumpets the praises of the cult-film specimens such as *The Brain That Wouldn't Die* while conversing with his houseplant co-host, Miss Mitters TT.

"Unhealthy obsessions with creature features, dave-in movies, robots, monsters and all things spooky ruined my brain for honest work. I was lucky that I got to meet my hosting hero Bob Wilkins. He gave me the courage to pitch my material to pad out the 3 a.m. movie... I was hooked! It's a great way to meet chicks and the money is amazing! My only goal is to one day be written up in *Ace Magazine*!"



PENNY DREADFUL
SHILLINGSOCKERS.COM

2 **WINNER OF THE 2007 RONDO AWARD** for Favorite Active Horror Host, Danielle Gelehrter plays Penny Dreadful XIII, the 700-year-old bewitching host of *Shilling Shockers*. Broadcast on cable access stations across New England, California, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, Penny regularly serves up flicks "from the late swamp known as 'the public domain'" while giving Elvira a run for her money in the, um, "haunted hills" department. EV

"I was first introduced to horror when I was very young by my uncle Valdemar. He is a big fan of classic horror and initially tried to scare me with his Famous Monsters mags and Pickwick horror records. I think he saw that I was actually fascinated and eventually asked me if I wanted to watch these fifth-generation video tapes of *Dark Shadows* or *Universal*, *Hammer* and *Roger Corman's* Poe films. Thanks for the nightmares, Uncle Val!"



SVENGOLIE
WCW.COM

3 SINCE THE EARLY '70s, **SVENGOLIE** HAS spooked the Chicago area in his trademark face paint, wig and top hat, and he still hosts a weekly program on indie TV station WCWJ. Originally portrayed by Jerry G. Bishop, Rich Koz took up the mantle a few years after the character's inception and has been called "the most decorated horror host," having won eight regional Emmy awards. TT

"I started horror hosting after working with the original Sven, not only because I was a fan of the genre, but as a way to be the 'trend man' on my own program. I am motivated by the constant encouragement of the many fans who appreciate my work, my love for the genre, and to keep the tradition of quality locally produced entertainment television — beyond just news — alive at a time when most broadcast stations have phased it out."

4 THE FIRST AND ONLY AFRICAN-AMERICAN HORROR HOST, John Dimes has embodied Dr. Sarcophagus since 1965 in the Washington, DC area. He's appeared on *Count Gore de Vol's* *Creature Feature* and also has a recurring role on *Monster Madhouse Live* as the president of Monster Land. A alongside an upcoming CD, new episodes of *Spooky Movie Television* are set to roll, co-hosted by the lovely Boo DaPest TT

"It was because of Count Gore de Vol, and other hosts like Vampires, Elvira, Zacherley and The Broomman Body that I wanted to pay homage to a time where we were scared in a grandly silly way! ... I enjoy "acting the scenery" if it wasn't for Sarcophagus, I would never have found my performance voice, which belongs solely to Foghorn Leghorn by way of Colonel Sanders!"



Dr. SARCOFIGUY
SP00KYMOVIEEVLISION.COM

5 JERRY MOORE HAS PLAYED THE SPACE-TRAVELLING, monster-hunter host of *Monster Madhouse Live* since 2006. *MMML* airs daily on various channels in Washington, DC and regularly in Dallas, Texas. Borloff also leads rock band The Monsterterminators, which writes original themes for many of the movies he screens. TT

"I originally started horror hosting in my room and parents' garage when I was about nine years old. I'd show four-minute reels of *Destroy All Monsters*, *Godzilla vs. the Thing*, *Vorac*, *Frankenstein Conquers the World*... taking my cue from Count Gore de Vol. He was the talk of the hallways for all the school kids. The motivation to keep doing it is to keep that element of excitement alive for the kids that missed the monster-sci-fi culture in the '60s and '70s. Live action hosts and characters, costumes, contests, local appearances and, most importantly, monster!!!"



KARLOS BORLOFF
MONSTERMADHOUSE.COM

6 THE "PHYSICIAN OF FRIGHT," HAS HAUNTED airwaves since 1969, and along with his assistant Nurse Moonbeek, he provides chills throughout Tennessee and southern Kentucky with his weekly program *Dr. Gangrene's Creature Feature*. Having produced a Rondo Award-winning series of PSAs called "Go Green with Dr. Gangrene," the good doc also fronts horror punk band Spookhard and has lent his voice to albums by The Creeping Cruels and Psycho Changer. TT

"In Tennessee there was a horror host in the '70s called Sir Cecil Crepe. His show is still fondly remembered to this day and that was my original inspiration. My motivation to continue hosting lies in a deep-seated love of Halloween and horror movies. This is a chance to celebrate horror movies and creators and really make it Halloween all year long."



Dr. GANGRENE
DRGANGRENE.COM

MILLA JOVOVICH

EXPERIENCE A

NEW DIMENSION OF EVIL

RESIDENT EVIL: AFTERLIFE 3D

SEPTEMBER 10

FILMED WITH THE JAMES CAMERON/VINCENT PACE FUSION CAMERA SYSTEM



Cinemascope Film



Resident Evil - Movie.com

YouTube.com/AllianceFilmsinc



Facebook.com/AllianceFilmsinc

ASTRO ZOMBIES, BLOOD ORGIES AND CORPSE GRINDERS – TED V. MIKELS REFLECTS ON SIX DECADES OF LOW-BUDGET SENSATIONAL CINEMA.

LURID BE THY NAME

BY DAVE KILGORE

EVEN AT AGE 81, TED V. MIKELS' REPUTATION CONTINUES TO GROW AS A MAVERICK FILMMAKER WITH A TASTE FOR THE TRULY BIZARRE. MUSCULAR AND SPORTING HIS TRADEMARK curled moustache and animal tooth necklace, the DIY writer/director/producer/actor has always been a showman. From a near-Hollywood career as a child actor, to work as a stuntman and cinematographer in the '50s, to decades making his own micro-budget movies, he's always had a sense for the sensational (for a time he lived in a castle with a harem of women who would appear in his films). The posters alone for the likes of *The Astro Zombies* (1968), *The Corpse*

Grinders (1971), *Blood Drive of the She Devils* (1972) and *Ten Violent Women* (1982) became famous for their outrageous grindhouse aesthetics.

With his long-time muse Shanti, a dedicated crew of collaborators and seemingly inexhaustible energy, Mikels continues to make movies any way he can (via his Las Vegas-based TVM Global Entertainment), utilizing cheaper video technology to ramp up production over the past few years. With a second sequel to *The Astro Zombies* in post-production and a new documentary (*The Wild World of Ted V. Mikels*, see sidebar) about him just released, the low-budget legend lets loose...

Then, were five. Ted V. Mikels finds that because, apparent in *The Wild World of Ted V. Mikels* – Artist, Fighting Lions, Mysic, Gabat. What order best represents you?

1. Artist, 2. Mysic, 3. Lover, 4. Rebel, 5. Fighter.

And me about your signature necklace.

The bear's tooth. I wear around my neck, and no one has ever seen me without it, is my trademark. People remember the bear's tooth more than they remember anything else. I have worn it for years. I used to hunt a lot, but that stopped in 1962. I couldn't kill any animal now, and I don't like remembering that I did hunt in my younger and more restless years.

You almost embarked on a Hollywood career as a child actor. Would you have still found your way into independent genre film if that opportunity had worked out?

It was a year of waiting in the excitement of being in a movie, with William Powell and Merle Oberon playing my parents, in 1942, but disappointing that the war called off the production. At that time, however, I was already doing my magic shows, and at thirteen performed my first paid gig as an entertainer – a magician and accordion soloist. As much as I loved movies and comic books – and often thought of myself as one of the key players, a hero like *The Flash*, *Batman* or *The Avenger* – I'm pos-

sible I would have, made my way into the movie industry one way or another. After the movie was put off, I told myself that one day I will make movie. I say, "I, and even put myself in them if I wished. Then I would never be disappointed again.

Do you watch a lot of films to find inspiration?

Actually, I do not have time to watch movies. I spend so much time making each and every movie, hundreds of hours in the editing bay, there's not much time left. It usually takes a year to make a full movie, from scripting to screening, and sometimes even longer.

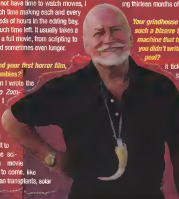
What inspired your first horror film, *The Astro Zombies*?

Actually, when I wrote the original *Astro Zombies* in 1968, I had no intention of it being a horror movie. I had intended it to be a genuine science fiction movie about things to come, like heart and organ transplants, su-

per, etc. When I talked about my next movie project with Wayne Rogers (an early Mikels collaborator who went on to co-star in the TV show *M*A*S*H*), I brought up my desire to do this movie. Wayne wanted to do it as a campy horror movie, and since he found some money to start it out, we made it the campy fun movie it is. I only wish I could have made at least a few token dollars from spending thirteen months of my life creating it.

Your grindhouse classic *The Corpse Grinders* is such a bizarre tale – a literal corpse-grinding machine that turns humans into cat food. Yet, you didn't write that one, so what was the appeal?

It tickled my funny bone, and I was sure no one could take it seriously. I scored the movie with a music library of foreign composers that I purchased rights to from a Hollywood company, and I spent many, many long hours attempting to put the right music and sounds to the picture. I feel the music added a certain touch to the movie that helped make it the so-





Created By A Madman! An Astro Zombie kills, (opposite top to bottom) more grisly for the corpse grinder, and Ted V. Mikels sporting his trademark door task.

THE WILD WORLD OF TED V. MIKELS
DIRECTOR, KEVIN SEAN MICHAELS,
UNCOVERS A TRULY...

SELF-MADE MAVERICK

BY NAVE ALEXANDER

"THERE WAS A PHOTO OF TED, SHIRTLESS, RUNNING THROUGH

the desert with a 35mm camera over his shoulder like a bazooka. He looked like a wild man, a renegade," says Kevin Sean Michaels of the first time he ever encountered Ted V. Mikels, in an issue of underground magazine *RE/Search* in the 1990s. Michaels immediately sent away for VHS tapes of Mikels's exploitation movies and became fascinated by the unpredictability and independent spirit of the barely-budgeted productions.

"Ted always knew to throw the audience a curveball," says the director of the new documentary *The Wild World of Ted V. Mikels* (available from Alpha New Cinema). "You think you got it pegged, then something unexpected happens in the film. He never had to answer to anyone so he'd let his imagination run wild. All his films are different, and that shows that he is a true filmmaker."

Michaels, who's worked for Time Entertainment, and in 2005 made a documentary on Vampira (Rite77), eventually got to know Mikels personally, living with him for a month in Las Vegas while working on *Astro Zombies: M3—Cloned*, the forthcoming installment in the series. He mounted his documentary to capture a figure that he believes has had a wild influence on genre cinema.

"In 1967, when Ted made *The Astro Zombies*, he was making a slasher film before anyone knew what it was—complete with a rolling severed head!" Michaels explains. "It was the peace and love generation!"

The doc, which runs just over an hour, is narrated by Michaels' fan John Waters and features collaborators from throughout Mikels' career, such as Yara Shalita (*The Doll Squad*, *Mask of the Astro Zombies*), Shanti Michaels' muse, who has acted in his films since 1991's *Mission: Kill-Dead* and Francine York (*The Doll Squad*, *Astro Zombies: M3—Cloned*). They paint a portrait of a very hands-on, D.I.Y. artist who makes movies by any means necessary—even if that means ruining his cream's lunch by getting fake blood all over a BBQ while trying to solve an effects problem.

"Ted is driven, he loves the process," affirms Michaels. "It's the first thing he talks about in the morning and the last thing at night. In fact, it's the only thing he talks about. His personality is too big for the world!"

called "classic" it seems to be. In addition, it pleased me, as always, to be making something that nobody else would be making, something so unusual.

You've asked your actors to do some pretty outrageous things, such as eating worms when you were the producer on The Worm Eaters. How do you convince actors to do that sort of thing?

I try to make so much fun for everybody in the making of a movie that I usually get performers to do whatever it takes to put the story across. Eating worms in the making of *The Worm Eaters* is a good example. When people are having fun, they'll do whatever they might not normally do. Sensationalism is also a great motivator: If actors know that what they might do will make people talk about them, they do it. It's a quirk of the nature of entertainers.

What are some of the other crazy things you've convinced your cast and crew to do for a film?

In *Strike Me Dead*, when we almost lost Janine Riley and Gary Clark over a 100-foot waterfall, or when we might have burned Shanti Vernon to death in a witch-burning ceremony in *Blood Orgy*, or when the *Doll Squad* girls dove into the ocean for a scene attacking an island, or when we drove over and knocked down a huge flaming cross in *The Black Klansman*, and many more instances like these. I have very vivid reflections, and shiver at what might have happened to get the shot.

If you had an unlimited budget to make a feature, what would it be?

One of the greatest stories I would have loved to have had the budget to create was for the screenplay James Gordon White and I wrote, telling the story of *Boowulf*. Our script is two hundred pages and tells the story of Beowulf during, and then after, he becomes King of the Geats, and his worldwide exploits. Another more likely choice for my high-budget movie would be another story by James and myself, called *Space Angels*, taking place entirely in outer space. The next would be a script I have written called *Head Count*, a Las Vegas comedy. We have had many slope calls for the financing, but none has ever come through. I don't wait for the huge budget to come. I just keep making my movies with help from folks like my Sheri—she has input on all my movies—and [others].

You've worked in a variety of genres but horror seems to have made the biggest splash. Do you think it's because there's something about horror films, or is the genre a more natural fit for your talents?

I consider myself a moviemaker, a maker of every known genre of movies. Horror movie fans are the most appreciative and voracious of all. They let everyone know if they really like the movie. Run-of-the-mill stories are boring to them. ☐





It's **ALIVE!**

The **ALL NEW** electronic version of the world's leading horror magazine!

Now available for **iPhone**, **iTouch**, **iPad** and **PC**

Enhanced Features

Bonus content • Hot links • Audio and video highlights
Easy browsing capabilities • Personalization settings
Multiple viewing options including text only
Search and zoom capabilities • Translation capabilities
in more than 35 languages* and more!

AVAILABLE ONE WEEK PRIOR TO NEWSSTANDS!

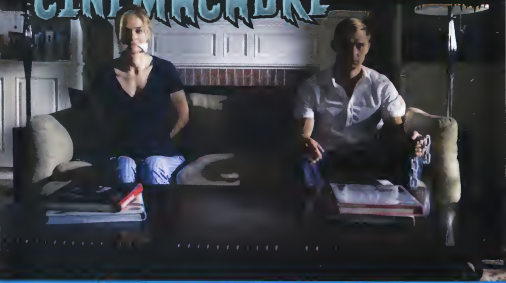
Visit **RUE-MORQUE.COM**

or the  App Store

*PC VERSION ONLY

CINEMACABRE

FILM + DVD + REISSUES



CURB APPEAL

OPEN HOUSE

Starring Brian Geraghty, Rachel Blanchard and Tricia Helfer
Written and directed by Andrew Paquin
Lionsgate

The uninspiring floating heads and cliché synopses on the box may be cause to skip *Open House*, but much like *The New Daughter* (reviewed in *RM 102*), Andrew Paquin's directorial debut is a severely misrepresented diamond in the rough.

In the midst of divorce, Alice (Rachel Blanchard) and Josh (True Blood's Stephen Moyer, whose pale skin and overbite reveal his role as Vampire Bill) is really not a stretch) put their rambling LA home on the market. Shortly after the open house, a mysterious couple — fatal siren Lula (Tricia Helfer of TV's *Battlestar Galactica*) and her soft-spoken killer accomplice David (Brian Geraghty) — murder Alice's friend Jennie (True Blood's Anna Paquin, whose cameo is obviously a favour to her big brother director), seduce and kill Josh, and hold Alice hostage in her own basement crawlspace.



The pair, who allude to an undefined and complicated history, decide to squat, plunging into a deadly game of promiscuous sex and premeditated murder that showcases their nihilistic disregard for human life. Sextopt Lula attracts the prey and gets off on David videotaping the rituals before he slices and dices her playthings mid-coitus. But it turns out Lula thinks Alice is dead, when in truth, David has secretly fallen in love with his victim and has stashed her away in hopes of pursuing a new life. As bodies pile up in the garage and Alice's escape attempts intensify, the ambiguity of Lula and David's volatile relationship comes only narrowly into focus, floating along on a disconcerting thread of simmering tension that will keep you guessing until the end.

Writer/director Paquin's premiere effort shows the mark of a storyteller in the mould of David Cronenberg: he skillfully develops his characters one titillate morsel at a time, granting enough room for the scenes to accustom an eerie sense of pressure. Paquin shows signs he may be one of the rare filmmakers who can successfully balance titillating

erotica with startling violence, while moving his pawns to places you wouldn't expect. It's a shame this property has been undersold by its owners.

TREVOR TUMINSKI

SHINE ON, YOU CRAZY VAMPIRES

THE TWILIGHT SAGA: ECLIPSE

Starring Kristen Stewart, Robert Pattinson
and Taylor Lautner
Directed by David Slade
Written by Melissa Rosenberg
Summit Entertainment

The *Twilight* series is an anomaly. The books became a runaway hit even though their message was largely chaste and abstinence-focused (the opposite of the oversexed music videos and TV series that are typically consumed by teenagers today). And the films continue to defy the law of franchises by getting slightly better with each outing.

The latest — obviously — continues to focus on the love triangle between teenage human Bella (Kristen Stewart), vampire Edward Cullen (Robert Pattinson) and werewolf Jacob (Taylor Lautner), and admittedly still suffers from overly schmaltzy romantic interludes. Still, the Edward/Jacob rivalry does deliver a bit of drama

BLOOD ON A BUDGET

INDIE AND D.I.Y. FILMS REVIEWED



POP PUNK ZOMBIES

Shane Dayton
www.poppunkzombies.com

Just because you can make a zombie film doesn't mean you should. Take Wisconsin filmmaker Shane Dayton... please. The brainbros behind *Pop Punk Zombies* has no doubt poured his heart and soul into making this 84-minute zombie comedy but he should have saved himself (and the viewing audience) the trouble by keeping it to a tight fifteen-minute short.

We open on talent agent Dameron David resurrecting three recently deceased punk rock musicians in order to form The Vicious Veggies, the first zombie punk band. Meanwhile, sad sack Eddie is convinced by his BFF Cazmore to attend the debut Veggies show, even though Eddie's ex, Lisa, is going to be there. You can see where this is headed: the zombies escape, the audience is infected and Eddie, Lisa and Cazmore struggle to survive.

Bad music, bad makeup and bad acting follow as the cast (literally) stumbles towards an ending that recalls both *Shaun of the Dead* and *(RE)C* without a whiff of the intelligence, humor or talent of either of those films. Dayton needlessly pads the running time to feature length, making *Pop Punk Zombies* the exact opposite of punk rock's sharp and shocking brevity.

SEAN PLUMMER



HORRID

Justin Purnith
www.horridfilms.com

When a manufactured virus intended as a cure-all for human disease backfires and begins devouring its hosts, the contagion is accidentally introduced to a rural community, rendering the residents into walking science experiments hungry for human flesh. Nothing particularly new there, except that this infection collides with three jokers enjoying a bachelor party weekend who are painfully unaware of the deadly epidemic.

Despite its myriad shortcomings, *Horrid* doesn't necessarily abuse its 92-minute runtime as so many other no-budget films do. The logical pacing and the often-funny script are two of the high points of Justin Purnith's feature debut, along with the decent electro-rock score and healthy representation of the three Bs: blood, boobs and bullets.

Where *Horrid* lives up to its name is in the moodless lighting, the inconsequential in the shabby makeup (no two zombies look alike -- in a bad way) and that well-worn trope of indie films, the amateur acting. Also, releasing *Horrid* on Blu-ray simply trivializes the enhanced audiovisual palette of the format. The strings and spit holding this modest production together need not be amplified in high-definition.

TREVOR TUMINSKI

and makes for a couple of intentionally uncomfortable and hilarious scenes -- particularly one in a freeing tent where Edward must consent to Jacob using his body heat to save Bella from impending hypothermia. More interesting, however, is the greater focus on the monster storyline, which sees the vampire Victoria (Bryce Dallas Howard), whose mate was killed in the first film, creating a newborn vamp army to attack the Cullens (with the powerful Volturi vampire leaders secretly endorsing her efforts). This leads to an uneasy partnership between the Cullens and the local wolf pack, and an epic smackdown with the newborns during the film's climax.

Gone -- thankfully -- are the slow-mo pretty-boy shots of Jacob and Edward; these have been replaced by a much-needed self-referential sense of humor. There are still bits of dialogue, etc., that spawn unintentional laughter, but it's obvious the series is taking itself less seriously as a whole. (For instance, at one point Edward remarks about Jacob, "Doesn't he ever wear a shirt?") And with horror director David Slade (*30 Days of Night*) at the helm, there's also a lot more action. This is easily the most violent (if still largely blood-free) of the *Twilight* films to date -- humans are viciously attacked and vampires are shattered (as in the books, they break apart rather than bleed) left, right and center. Edward even tears the head off of one with his teeth!

As a result, this brings the franchise closer to the genre than ever before and may well be the first installment that the fellas can sit through without cringing... well, too much.

MONICA S. KUEBLER

A DEADLY GAME OF CAT AND HOUSE

BURNING BRIGHT

Starring Briana Evigan, Charlie Tahan and Garrett Dillahunt

Directed by Carlos Brooks

Written by Christine Ceylan Johansen, Julie Frenkelville Roxx and David Higgins
 Lionsgate

Within the subgenre of killer animal movies, one could argue that there's a sub-subgenre in which the protagonists are trapped in a cramped space with their bestial antagonist(s). While *Burning Bright* doesn't reach the caught-in-a-sewer-with-a-giant-reptile awesomeness of *Alligator*, it does a better job with a couple of kids hiding in a house with a hungry tiger, than, say, *Graveyard Shift* did with rats under an old factory, or *Snakes on a Plane* did with, er, snakes on a plane.

Briana Evigan (*Sorority Row*), the upcoming *Mother's Day* remake) plays a young woman trying to put her autistic little brother (Charlie Tahan) in a care facility so she can finally go off to college and not worry about leaving him with her clik of a stepdad (Garret Dillahunt, a character actor you'll recognize from his various other dickhead roles). But since Mom didn't leave a will before killing herself, he has access to the family money and drains her account in order to buy a tiger for the exotic animal park tourist trap he's got planned. Don't you hate it when that happens?

The siblings are forced to return home, just as a whopper of a hurricane moves in on the Florida coast. The house is boarded up before they turn in for the night. When the kids wake, step-dick is gone, the storm is raging, all the doors and windows are sealed, and the hungry cat is on the prowl in the house. You bet it's the eye of the tiger.

Tip of the hat to the screenwriting team, which does a decent job of selling this outrageous premise; the hurricane efficiently cuts off both the characters' escape and means of communication with the outside world. Though this is essentially a slasher movie with claws (right down to the hiding-from-the-killer-in-a-closet scene), there's no denying the nerve-frying tension of



"FANTASTIC PROGRAMMING!"

RUE MORGUE

"WE LOVE IT!"

AIN'T IT COOL NEWS

TORONTO AFTER DARK FILM FESTIVAL

**8 NIGHTS
OF NEW HORROR,
SCI-FI ACTION
& CULT MOVIES!**

PLUS:

SPECIAL GUESTS, PARTIES,
PUB SOCIALS, ZOMBIE NIGHT!

AUGUST 13-20, 2010

BLOOR CINEMA | TORONTO, CANADA

COMPLETE FILM SCHEDULE, TRAILERS, ADVANCE TICKETS AT:

TORONTOAFTERDARK.COM

**FEAR
WERX**

fearwerx.com

ORIGINAL & LICENSED

HORROR MERCHANDISE

WEARABLES & COLLECTIBLES

the biggest online horror store, period.

Featuring **FESTIVAL OF FEAR
SPECIALS!**

Visit our booth or see us online
for the best in horror merchandise!

wearables from:



toys & collectibles from:

NECA • MEZCO • EMCE • SPECTRE • DIAMOND

mention this ad...

BRING THIS AD TO OUR BOOTH:

At the FESTIVAL OF FEAR - show this ad to any staffer at the FEARWERX booth and get a FREE GIFT with any purchase of any item sale or retail price!

MENTION THIS AD ONLINE:

On FEARWERX.COM - when mentioning your order, mention FEARWERX in the COMMENTS area of your order and we'll include a FREE GIFT with your shipment of any size!

...get a free gift!



Neowolf: And you thought the real *Twilight* was bad.

being stalked by such a predator. Too bad the big cat is selectively deaf at just the right times, all the doors in the house were apparently made out of papier mâché and the autistic kid is such an unredeemed jerk that you kinda want him to be shredded, not saved.

At 80 minutes, that's just the right amount of time to spend with *Burning Bright*. It'll quell your hunger for killer animals in cramped spaces, at least until someone's inspired to make *Prison Bear*, *Croc Bus* or *Closest Shanks*. Are you listening, Roger Corman?

DAVE ALEXANDER

D'OH! CONNOR

SOUTHERN GOTHIC

Starring William Forsythe, Yul Vazquez and Nicole DuPort
Written and directed by Mark Young
R

In the first five minutes of this vampires-and-shotguns B-movie, there are several references to the work of Flannery O'Connor. Not only does the title allude to the twisted, violent literary tradition she helped establish, but the quotation that starts the movie includes the title of one of her works, *The Violent Bear It Away*, plus the film's two main characters are named Hazel and Enoch, the protagonists of O'Connor's only two novels. Since O'Connor is acknowledged as one of the greatest writers in American literature, it would take a hell of a film to live up to her legacy. And almost from the very first line of



dialogue, it is apparent that *Southern Gothic* is not that film. Painfully apparent.

In the right hands, it might have been something: Hazel Fortune (Yul Vazquez), a strip club bouncer and drunk, flirts with suicide because he killed his daughter while drinking and driving. He starts to dig himself out of the abyss when one of the strippers asks him to babysit her daughter while she works two jobs to try to make ends meet.

Into this sappy redemption tale wades the film's one bright spot, a maricatal, alcoholic, lecherous preacher named Enoch Pitt, played with relish (and ketchup, and a fried egg, and six slices of ham) by William Forsythe. Pitt gets bitten by a vampire, and soon converts his congregation into an army of the undead. Fortune picks

up his suicide shotgun and gets a second chance to save a daughter and finally forgive himself.

Writer/director Mark Young just doesn't have the hands, heart or brains to pull it off. Almost every line of dialogue is ridiculous, never once sounding like something a human being would actually say. (e.g. "You know, Bob, I don't usually do this sort of thing... go to motel rooms with strangers, I mean.") True, O'Connor's characters weren't realistic either, but they were full of believ-

able faults and poignant, carefully observed humanity. The clunky dialogue would be forgivable if the movie was any fun, but instead it's weighed down by a faux seriousness that turns every scene into a boring drag.

Shit, it's closer to Sinead O'Connor than Flannery O'Connor.

JASON LAPEYRE

ALAN SMITHEE HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE

NEOWOLF

Starring Agim Kaba, Michael Frascino and Heidi Johanningmeier
Directed by Alan Smith
Written by Alessandro de Gasparo and Michael Jencory
Lionsgate

If *Neowolf*'s sub-*Twilight* artwork and alternate title (*The Band from Hell*) don't suggest you're in for sinkage, and if the front cover tagline ("A Love Story Between a Girl and a Werewolf") and the one on the back ("A Band of Werewolves Will Tear Your Heart Apart") aren't a dead giveaway, then get this: the director is credited variously as Yvan Gauthier, Alan Smith, Alan Smythe and, yes, the dreaded Alan Smithee. (For the uninitiated, Smithee is a pseudonym the Director's Guild has sporadically employed when a director wants his or her name removed from the credits of a film, including on *Death of a Gunfighter* and *Hellraiser: Bloodline*.) At this point, some namby-pamby pedant will insist that all this circumstantial evidence still isn't a guarantee that the movie sucks. That's where I come in. I've seen it, and I can assure you, you shouldn't.

Aspiring musician and full-time dullard Tony (Michael Frascino) is being pressured by his buzzkill girlfriend (Heidi Johanningmeier) to give up his dream. But before he can kick her to the curb (as any self-respecting rocker would do in a heartbeat), third-rate nu-metal combo *Neowolf* pulls into town in their big black bus. Playing to a sparse



audience in a dive bar, frontman Vince (Agim Kaba) announces that the band is auditioning new guitarists (telling to mention that their last one came to a bad end), Vince gets the gig and much slo-mo, sub-*Lost Boys*/Near Dark shit (with unspeakably lame, platitudinous-sounding werewolves subbing for vampires) ensues for a while — and then it's over. Oh, there's bloodletting and boobies, but not nearly enough to make this painfully predictable wolf's breakfast remotely worthwhile.

I'm nobody's idea of a marketing genius, but back when the *Twilight* scourge first began to spread like pop-cultural penicillin, I predicted we'd soon see a rash of low-budget, straight-to-video *Twilight* knockoffs with the violence and sex amped up to R levels in an effort to simultaneously draw in legit horror fans, while also providing some cheap thrills to the wanna-Bellas, and now it's happening. I wish I could claim that

DED FEST



THREE NIGHTS OF THE
BEST NEW HORROR FILMS
FROM AROUND
THE WORLD

DED IS BETTER
AUGUST 19-21, 2010
MYER HOROWITZ THEATRE, UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
EDMONTON, CANADA



For ticket prices, pass information, and film schedules, check for updates at:

WWW.DEDFEST.COM

Karin Locke - Photography Nic Burgess Photo Manipulative Artist Celestine Burns - Model Joanne Rahbek Chloë Ghoulish Gary Pullin Title Fuel **GHOLISH**

OVERLOOKED, FORGOTTEN AND DISMISSED

THIS ISSUE: LANCE GOES OFF ON HIS MARY WAY

THERE'S NOTHING ABOUT MARY

BLOODY MARY

Echo Bridge Home Entertainment

Stand in front of a mirror, close your eyes, say "Bloody Mary" three times and when you open 'em, legend has it you'll see the reflection of a ghost named Mary. It's a tale that's been around for more than a century yet curiously hasn't been translated onto the big screen much. In this outing, a group of hot nurses conjure up the raging reflection, which then goes on a rampage, gouging out victims' eyes to keep as souvenirs. Filmed in an actual abandoned mental institution for maximum creep factor, *Bloody Mary's* gratuitous nasty and copious corn syrup just can't overcome its horrifically subpar acting and lousy script. I suggest a few glasses of Bloody Mary to help you get through this bloody awful mess.

BODY COUNT: 11

"MARY" COUNT: 54

HAIL MARY!

DEAD MARY

Peace Arch Entertainment

A reunion party at an isolated lakeside cabin gets crashed by the Bloody Mary legend when a group of friends, including Kim (Dominique Swain: *Lolita*) and Lily (Maggie Castle: *The Woods*), decide to play the mirror game. Before you know it, someone's been shredded into pieces and the rest of the group members, uncertain as to whom the killer is, turn on one another as they vie to remain the life of the party. Rather than relying on blood, gore and jump scares,

the film wisely takes a cue from John Carpenter's *The Thing* and focuses on the characters' rising paranoia. Beautifully shot, with a solid cast who play off of each other quite effectively, *Dead Mary* would've put my ass in a theatre seat!

BODY COUNT: 5

"MARY" COUNT: 21

MARY, MARY, WHY YOU BUGGIN'?

BLOOD NIGHT: THE LEGEND OF MARY HATCHET

Chaos Squared

The first ten minutes of this movie are going to kick your ass! A few years after a twelve-year-old girl named Mary kills her parents with a hatchet, she's brutally raped and imprisoned by a guard at a psychiatric hospital. Nine months later, she miscarries and goes on a killing spree, slaughtering the entire hospital staff with her bare hands before being gunned down by police. Unfortunately, the remaining 73 minutes aren't so exciting, as the film quickly devolves into a boozed-and-boozed fest, which follows a group of spid teenagers who conjure Mary's spirit, then get whacked in predictable, CG blood-spurting ways. Not even an inspired Bill Moseley cameo as a grizzled gravedigger can rescue this sucker from delete-bin purgatory.

BODY COUNT: 21

"MARY" COUNT: 22

I saw *Neowolf* coming, but I can't. It's actually much worse than I imagined.

JOHN W. BOWEN

IN SPIRIT ONLY?

THE ECLIPSE

Starring Carlin Hinds, Ben Hjelte and Aidan Quinn

Written and directed by Conor McPherson

Hollywood

Some films defy genres. For instance, despite boasting five or six brief moments of gruesome imagery during its 88-minute running time, it is difficult to call *The Eclipse* a horror film. In fact, the *Hollywood Reporter* quote on the box cover probably comes closest when it describes the Irish production as a "ghost drama." Though, the ghosts clearly play second fiddle to the drama.

The plot is simple: widowed woodshop teacher Michael (Carlin Hinds) is busy raising his two school-age children and helping out at an international authors' festival when he starts hearing noises late at night and seeing visions of the rotting visage of his still-living father-in-law. Since one of the writers he's assigned to assist at the event is a woman, Lena Morelle (Ben Hjelte), who's written a book about ghosts and hauntings, he's hoping she may be able to provide some explanation for the occurrences.

She thinks his ghoulish visitations may be forecasting the man's imminent demise, but unfortunately, she's busy trying to distance herself from another festival attendee, obsessive tech Nicholas Holden (Aidan Quinn) in a scenery-munching performance that easily steals the show), with whom she had a one-night stand. Nicholas thinks Michael is macking on Lena and all manner of interpersonal drama breaks out, culminating in a knockdown brawl between the three — and leaving little time for the story's supernatural elements... which may in fact not be supernatural at all.

Is Michael really seeing ghosts? Or is he merely suffering from night terrors and bouts of sleepwalking? Or is the whole ghost thing simply a thinly veiled metaphor for facing and overcoming death, grief and guilt? Writer/director Conor McPherson leaves everything intentionally vague, and as a result no two people will take away the same thing from this movie. While both the film and its script won accolades at the Irish Film & Television Awards, it's difficult to recommend this slow-moving drama to the average horrorhound, but fans of more subdued and cerebral fare — the Canadian supernatural prairie drama *The Nature of Nicholas* (2002) comes to mind — should certainly consider witnessing *The Eclipse*.

MONICA S. KUEBLER

LAST CHANCE LANCE

REISSUE



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS SHELL

GAMERA VS. BARUGON (1966) DVD

Starring Kojiro Hongo, Akira Natsuki and Kijō Fuyumasa
Directed by Shigeo Tanaka
Written by Hisao Takahashi
Sheet Factory

Everybody's favourite city-stomping giant turtle is back for a sequel in *Gamera vs. Barugon*, featuring the monster's first attempt to save Japan instead of simply crushing it in search of tasty, tasty energy. A surprisingly adult film for the usually kid-friendly Gamera franchise, this colour sequel is perhaps the most accomplished of his eight original Kaiju films, which are currently being reissued in beautifully remastered DVD editions by Shout! Factory.

Following the lead of rival Toho's usually superior *Godzilla* series, Daniel Studios decided to recast their shelled brawler as a hero this time out, pitting him against a tough, outlandish lizard opponent. The diamond-eating Barugon not only shoots rainbows from a prism on his back, he also packs a freeze ray on the end of his 30-metre tongue that can incapacitate foes.

But Gamera doesn't actually square off with Barugon until almost halfway through the film. Until then, the story follows Katsuke (Kojiro Hongo) and friends

as they head to the jungles of New Guinea to recover a giant opal hidden there by his crippled brother (Akira Natsuki) during World War II. Faster than you can say "Treasure of the Sierra Madre," one greed-crazed party member (Kijō Fuyumasa) leaves the others for dead and makes off with the prized stone.

Only it's not an opal, but an egg that unleashes a colossal reptile in a militarized Osaka populated by toy tanks and planes. Gamera quickly arrives on the scene, but ends up as a big green ice cube, thanks to Barugon's freeze ray. The army stops in and attempts to lure Barugon into a watery grave, but those plans ultimately fail, leaving Japan's fate up to the turtle.

Kicking off with the impressive destruction of a dam, *Gamera vs. Barugon* benefits from the biggest budget and most impressive production values of the series. A rousing soundtrack and eye-catching cinematography also help to hold attention even when no monsters are on the screen, which is often. Dramatic director Shigeo Tanaka, filling in here for series regular Noriaki Yuasa, invests deeply in the emotionally charged opal plotline and manages to avoid the annoying kid-in-short-pants schtick that became the series' hallmark.

It's not a surprise that Gamera ultimately comes out on top, but this is also one of the few times that Gamera may have even outshined *Godzilla*—*Gamera*

era vs. Barugon is top-tier Kaiju that showcases the best that Japanese giant monster action has to offer.

PAUL CORUPE

SICK UPPER LIP

HORROR HOSPITAL (1973) DVD

Starring Michael Gough, Robin Askwith and Vanessa Shaw
Directed by Antony Balch
Written by Antony Balch and Alan Watson
Dark Sky

Calling all enthusiasts of bizarre British horror: *Horror Hospital* is just what the doctor ordered! In this deliciously insane flick, bummed-out rocker Jason Jones (Robin Askwith) is having a tough go of it. Not only does he get both his music and stage act stolen by an unscrupulous band, he also gets his nose punched in by said band's glammed-up front man. Taking the advice of some stoner friends, Jason decides he needs a vacation, and settles on a relaxing stay at a health farm called Brittlehouse Manor. During the train trip there, the shaggy-haired, mutton-chopped musician meets a young woman named Judy (Vanessa Shaw), who is also travelling to the manor, in order to visit her Aunt Harms (Ellen Pollock)—a former brothel madam who is married to the head surgeon of the local hospital, one Dr. Storm (genre legend Michael Gough: *Horror of Dracula*, *Trog*).

Upon arriving at the isolated and ominous-looking country house, the pair discover that a) Judy's aunt is not who she appears to be, b) the place is tended to by a weird, diminutive man named Frederick (Skip Martin), c) some patients seem to have very messy "accidents" that leave their bedsheets soaked in gore, and d) the rest of the patients don't speak, but do sport large lobotomy-esque scars on their foreheads and act like zombies. Naturally, it doesn't take long to discover that you can check in anytime you want, but you can never leave.

Horror Hospital also features a Rolls Royce fitted with a retractable decapitation blade, a sex scene in a glass box, zombie biker henchmen and a hideously deformed creature that skulks the manor hungry for sex and murder. This is one gory, goofy film that has to be seen to be believed.

Presented uncut and sporting an amazingly crisp anamorphic transfer, this Dark Sky version is a marked improvement over previous releases. The extras are scant but, along with a stills gallery, there's an informative commentary with producer Richard Gordon that's moderated by author and horror film historian Tom Weaver. A rarely seen cult masterpiece, *Horror Hospital* is a must for anyone who wants to see the less restrained side of classic British horror.

JAMES BURRELL





Joe Dante discusses Roger Vadim's *Blackford Rose on The Best of Trailers from Hell!*

DANTE'S INFERNO

THE BEST OF TRAILERS FROM HELL! VOLUME 1 DVD

Starring Joe Dante, John Landis and Edgar Wright
Directed by David Moore
Trailersfromhell.com

Director and cult movie connoisseur Joe Dante started the Trailers from Hell website in 2007 to allow filmmakers to introduce their favourite genre film trailers on-camera and provide personal commentaries. Three years and hundreds of videos later, Dante has compiled 25 sci-fi, horror and exploitation preview reels for *The Best of Trailers from Hell!*, an amusing hour-long DVD that gives viewers an exciting peek into their favourite directors' cinematic tastes.

While the site features dozens of commentaries, including heavyweights Jack Hill, Roger Corman and Don Coscarelli, the DVD pares it down to just five. The always charismatic John Landis gets things rolling with his spontaneous and funny discussions of fondly remembered titles such as *The Green Slime* (1968) and *Mighty Joe Young* (1949). Dante takes a more studied approach, delivering prepared material on Roger Vadim's Euro-horror rarity *Blood and Roses* (1960) and even offering a little insight into the making of his own *Madmax* (1977) during the trailer for William Castle's *The Tingler* (1959). Also on hand is Mick Garris, who nicely tempers his enthusiasm with trivia, as he endorses David Cronenberg's *Rabid* (1977) and gives some nice context



to *Horrors of the Black Museum* (1959), which he cites as the first splatter film.

As most commentators offer childhood reminiscences of their selected film, it's no surprise that the final two participants, Eli Roth and Edgar Wright, talk up more recent drive-in titles. Roth offers some vintage video store memories on *3 on a Meathook* (1972) and *Squirm* (1976), while Wright opts for the Peter Cushing vehicle *Corruption* (1968) and perennial cult hit *Phantom of the Paradise* (1974). As opposed to their older peers, Roth and Wright often mix it up and delve into the particulars of how each trailer works rather than just using it as a springboard to talk about the film itself, providing a nice change of pace.

Tossing in a few cartoon shorts and the full-length 1933 poverty row programmer *The Vampire Bat* as extras, *The Best of Trailers from Hell!* also allows you to watch the trailers on their own (though always with the site logo in the corner). The disc is available exclusively via trailersfromhell.com, which still offers online viewing of all the included trailers, plus many more.

PAUL CORUPE

BLINDED BY MYSTERY SCIENCE

MYSTERY SCIENCE THEATER 3000: THE BEAST OF YUCCA FLATS (1961) DVD

Starring Tor Johnson, Douglas Mello and Barbara Francis
Written and directed by Coleman Francis
Shout! Factory

The MST3K crew had already tackled shoe-string auteur Coleman Francis' *Red Zone Cuba* and *The Skydivers* when they took on his only genre film, *The Beast of Yucca Flats*, in this clas-

sic sixth season episode. Running just 56 minutes, *Beast* is still an unrelentingly bleak chore that is hilariously skewered by Mike Nelson, Tom Servo (Kevin Murphy) and Crow (Trace Beaulieu).

The film obliquely tries to explain that a defuncting Russian scientist, played by Tor Johnson, is chased by armed KGB agents into Yucca Flat's atomic test area, where he's exposed to a nuclear blast ("Starring Tor Johnson as the Beast—that's just smart casting!" quips Mike during the opening credits). With strands of rubber cement on his head, the mutant Beast hides in a cave and unconsciously strangles passersby.

Francis then introduces a confusing subplot about a vacationing couple (Douglas Mello and Barbara Francis) whose kids get lost in the dreary Yucca Flats landscape. While searching for them, poor old dad is shot by a pair of cops (Ring Starr and Larry Allen) who are out gunning for the Beast.

Aside from endless scenes of the Beast stumbling around and cars parking, the film's stark, otherworldly mood is largely due to the director's insistence on off-camera conversations—Francis couldn't afford sync sound and wanted to avoid lip sync issues for dialogue he intended to record in post-production. A narrator is on hand, but only offers pedantically cryptic descriptions such as, "Flag on the moon. How did it get there? Secret data" and "Boys from the city. Not yet caught in the whirlwind of progress." Overcome by the bewildering atmosphere, Servo astutely notes that "There was no such thing as clinical depression until this film was made," while Crow creates The Film Anti-Preservation Society to ensure that movies as bad as this will be lost to the ages.

The Beast of Yucca Flats is joined on Shout! Factory's *Mystery Science Theater 3000 Vol. XXIV* DVD set by the stop-motion dinosaur mess *Lost Continent*, the space opera *Crash of the Moons* and the Russian kiddie maffios *Jack Frost*. But it's *The Beast of Yucca Flats* that gets the royal treatment: a 30-minute documentary (Coleman Francis: *The Cinematist Poet of Parking*) and a ten-minute interview with Francis' cinematographer, Lee Strodsrud. It's more than the film deserves, but that's what happens when you're swept away by the whirlwind of DVD progress.

PAUL CORUPE



WORLD INFAMOUS UNDERGROUND SCHLOCK ARTIST- ANDREW D GORE -IS GONNA KISS YOU UP WITH MY NEW SICK LINE OF MANIAC MEMORABILIA!

SEE 1999 ISSUES in June, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2686, 2687, 2688, 2689, 2690, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2695, 2696, 2697, 2698, 2699, 2700, 2701, 2702, 2703, 2704, 2705, 2706, 2707, 2708, 2709, 2710, 2711, 2712, 2713, 2714, 2715, 2716, 2717, 2718, 2719, 2720, 2721, 2722, 2723, 2724, 2725, 2726, 2727, 2728, 2729, 2730, 2731, 2732, 2733, 2734, 2735, 2736, 2737, 2738, 2739, 2740, 2741, 2742, 2743, 2744, 2745, 2746, 2747, 2748, 2749, 2750, 2751, 2752, 2753, 2754, 2755, 2756, 2757, 2758, 2759, 2760, 2761, 2762, 2763, 2764, 2765, 2766, 2767, 2768, 2769, 2770, 2771, 2772, 2773, 2774, 2775, 2776, 2777, 2778, 2779, 2780, 2781, 2782, 2783, 2784, 2785, 2786, 2787, 2788, 2789, 2790, 2791, 2792, 2793, 2794, 2795, 2796, 2797, 2798, 2799, 2800, 2801, 2802, 2803, 2804, 2805, 2806, 2807, 2808, 2809, 2810, 2811, 2812, 2813, 2814, 2815, 2816, 2817, 2818, 2819, 2820, 2821, 2822, 2823, 2824, 2825, 2826, 2827, 2828, 2829, 2830, 2831, 2832, 2833, 2834, 2835, 2836, 2837, 2838, 2839, 2840, 2841, 2842, 2843, 2844, 2845, 2846, 2847, 2848, 2849, 2850, 2851, 2852, 2853, 2854, 2855, 2856, 2857, 2858, 2859, 2860, 2861, 2862, 2863, 2864, 2865, 2866, 2867, 2868, 2869, 2870, 2871, 2872, 2873, 2874, 2875, 2876, 2877, 2878, 2879, 2880, 2881, 2882, 2883, 2884, 2885, 2886, 2887, 2888, 2889, 2890, 2891, 2892, 2893, 2894, 2895, 2896, 2897, 2898, 2899, 2900, 2901, 2902, 2903, 2904, 2905, 2906, 2907, 2908, 2909, 2910, 2911, 2912, 2913, 2914, 2915, 2916, 2917, 2918, 2919, 2920, 2921, 2922, 2923, 2924, 2925, 2926, 2927, 2928, 2929, 2930, 2931, 2932, 2933, 2934, 2935, 2936, 2937, 2938, 2939, 2940, 2941, 2942, 2943, 2944, 2945, 2946, 2947, 2948, 2949, 2950, 2951, 2952, 2953, 2954, 2955, 2956, 2957, 2958, 2959, 2960, 2961, 2962, 2963, 2964, 2965, 2966, 2967, 2968, 2969, 2970, 2971, 2972, 2973, 2974, 2975, 2976, 2977, 2978, 2979, 2980, 2981, 2982, 2983, 2984, 2985, 2986, 2987, 2988, 2989, 2990, 2991, 2992, 2993, 2994, 2995, 2996, 2997, 2998, 2999, 3000, 3001, 3002, 3003, 3004, 3005, 3006, 3007, 3008, 3009, 3010, 3011, 3012, 3013, 3014, 3015, 3016, 3017, 3018, 3019, 3020, 3021, 3022, 3023, 3024, 3025, 3026, 3027, 3028, 3029, 3030, 3031, 3032, 3033, 3034, 3035, 3036, 3037, 3038, 3039, 3040, 3041, 3042, 3043, 3044, 3045, 3046, 3047, 3048, 3049, 3050, 3051, 3052, 3053, 3054, 3055, 3056, 3057, 3058, 3059, 3060, 3061, 3062, 3063, 3064, 3065, 3066, 3067, 3068, 3069, 3070, 3071, 3072, 3073, 3074, 3075, 3076, 3077, 3078, 3079, 3080, 3081, 3082, 3083, 3084, 3085, 3086, 3087, 3088, 3089, 3090, 3091, 3092, 3093, 3094, 3095, 3096, 3097, 3098, 3099, 3100, 3101, 3102, 3103, 3104, 3105, 3106, 3107, 3108, 3109, 3110, 3111, 3112, 3113, 3114, 3115, 3116, 3117, 3118, 3119, 3120, 3121, 3122, 3123, 3124, 3125, 3126, 3127, 3128, 3129, 3130, 3131, 3132, 3133, 3134, 3135, 3136, 3137, 3138, 3139, 3140, 3141, 3142, 3143, 3144, 3145, 3146, 3147, 3148, 3149, 3150, 3151, 3152, 3153, 3154, 3155, 3156, 3157, 3158, 3159, 3160, 3161, 3162, 3163, 3164, 3165, 3166, 3167, 3168, 3169, 3170, 3171, 3172, 3173, 3174, 3175, 3176, 3177, 3178, 3179, 3180, 3181, 3182, 3183, 3184, 3185, 3186, 3187, 3188, 3189, 3190, 3191, 3192, 3193, 3194, 3195, 3196, 3197, 3198, 3199, 3200, 3201, 3202, 3203, 3204, 3205, 3206, 3207, 3208, 3209, 3210, 3211, 3212, 3213, 3214, 3215, 3216, 3217, 3218, 3219, 3220, 3221, 3222, 3223, 3224, 3225, 3226, 3227, 3228, 3229, 3230, 3231, 3232, 3233, 3234, 3235, 3236, 3237, 3238, 3239, 3240, 3241, 3242, 3243, 3244, 3245, 3246, 3247, 3248, 3249, 3250, 3251, 3252, 3253, 3254, 3255, 3256, 3257, 3258, 3259, 3260, 3261, 3262, 3263, 3264, 3265, 3266, 3267, 3268, 3269, 3270, 3271, 3272, 3273, 3274, 3275, 3276, 3277, 3278, 3279, 3280, 3281, 3282, 3283, 3284, 3285, 3286, 3287, 3288, 3289, 3290, 3291, 3292, 3293, 3294, 3295, 3296, 3297, 3298, 3299, 3300, 3301, 3302, 3303, 3304, 3305, 3306, 3307, 3308, 3309, 3310, 3311, 3312, 3313, 3314, 3315, 3316, 3317, 3318, 3319, 3320, 3321, 3322, 3323, 3324, 3325, 3326, 3327, 3328, 3329, 3330, 3331, 3332, 3333, 3334, 3335, 3336, 3337, 3338, 3339, 3340, 3341, 3342, 3343, 3344, 3345, 3346, 3347, 3348, 3349, 3350, 3351, 3352, 3353, 3354, 3355, 3356, 3357, 3358, 3359, 3360, 3361, 3362, 3363, 3364, 3365, 3366, 3367, 3368, 3369, 3370, 3371, 3372, 3373, 3374, 3375, 3376, 3377, 3378, 3379, 3380, 3381, 3382, 3383, 3384, 3385, 3386, 3387, 3388, 3389, 3390, 3391, 3392, 3393, 3394, 3395, 3396, 3397, 3398, 3399, 3400, 3401, 3402, 3403, 3404, 3405, 3406, 3407, 3408, 3409, 3410, 3411, 3412, 3413, 3414, 3415, 3416, 3417, 3418, 3419, 3420, 3421, 3422, 3423, 3424, 3425, 3426, 3427, 3428, 3429, 3430, 3431, 3432, 3433, 3434, 3435, 3436, 3437, 3438, 3439, 3440, 3441, 3442, 3443, 3444, 3445, 3446, 3447, 3448, 3449, 3450, 3451, 3452, 3453, 3454, 3455, 3456, 3457, 3458, 3459, 3460, 3461, 3462, 3463, 3464, 3465, 3466, 3467, 3468, 3469, 3470, 3471, 3472, 3473, 3474, 3475, 3476, 3477, 3478, 3479, 3480, 3481, 3482, 3483, 3484, 3485, 3486, 3487, 3488, 3489, 3490, 3491, 3492, 3493, 3494, 3495, 3496, 3497, 3498, 3499, 3500, 3501, 3502, 3503, 3504, 3505, 3506, 3507, 3508, 3509, 3510, 3511, 3512, 3513, 3514, 3515, 3516, 3517, 3518, 3519, 3520, 3521, 3522, 3523, 3524, 3525, 3526, 3527, 3528, 3529, 3530, 3531, 3532, 3533, 3534, 3535, 3536, 3537, 3538, 3539, 3540, 3541, 3542, 3543, 3544, 3545, 3546, 3547, 3548, 3549, 3550, 3551, 3552, 3553, 3554, 3555, 3556, 3557, 3558, 3559, 3560, 3561, 3562, 3563, 3564, 3565, 3566, 3567, 3568, 3569, 3570, 3571, 3572, 3573, 3574, 3575, 3576, 3577, 3578, 3579, 3580, 3581, 3582, 3583, 3584, 3585, 3586, 3587, 3588, 3589, 3590, 3591, 3592, 3593, 3594, 3595, 3596, 3597, 3598, 3599, 3600, 3601, 3602, 3603, 3604, 3605, 3606, 3607, 3608, 3609, 3610, 3611, 3612, 3613, 3614, 3615, 3616, 3617, 3618, 3619, 3620, 3621, 3622, 3623, 3624, 3625, 3626, 3627, 3628, 3629, 3630, 3631, 3632, 3633, 3634, 3635, 3636, 3637, 3638, 3639, 3640, 3641, 3642, 3643, 3644, 3645, 3646, 3647, 3648, 3649, 3650, 3651, 3652, 3653, 3654, 3655, 3656, 3657, 3658, 3659, 3660, 3661, 3662, 3663, 3664, 3665,



Pittsburgh's Modern Horror Convention September 17th - 19th, 2010

Crowne Plaza Pittsburgh South
Large Dealer Room Celebrity and Author Panels
Tattoo Room Contests & Giveaways Film Festival

Basketcase Reunion

Frank Henenlotter Kevin Van Hentenryck
Terri Susan Smith Beverly Bonner

Other Guests Include

Ken Foree John Amplas Debbie Rochon

Sponsored in part by Rue Morgue magazine and
Library of the Living Dead

Night of the Living Dead Costume Ball sponsored
by Magic Hat Brewing

For more information visit us at
www.HorrorRealmCon.com

BIGBADTOYSTORE.COM

**B
I
G
B
A
D
T
O
Y
S
T
O
R
E
.
C
O
M**



Genma of Fear 12" Deluxe
Leatherface



Zombies 20th Anniversary
by James Fagan

Polly The Puppet
With Tricycle



17" Premium Forest Figure
Margul Lord



Machete T
Action Figure



12" Patient Zero
Life-Size Bust



Star Wars Death Trooper Bust New T-Shirts
WARNING: CHOKING HAZARD -
Items contain small parts. Not for children under 3 years.



SIGH CO.
DANGEROUS FASHION



SIGHCO.COM
dangerous fashion for boys and girls



TONIGHT, ON BKTV...

THRILLER: "THE INCREDIBLE DOKTOR MARKESAN" (1982)

Starring Boris Karloff, Dick York and Carolyn Kearney
Directed by Robert Florey
Written by August Derleth, Donald S. Sanford
and Mark Schorer
Image

"As sure as my name is Boris Karloff, this... is... a thriller!" the legendary genre icon purrs in his onscreen introductions to *Thriller*, NBC's landmark suspense anthology program. Though not as well known today as pioneering series *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*, *The Twilight Zone* or *The X-Files*, *Thriller* is perhaps the most faithful to the horror tradition, despite being originally conceived as a vehicle for fast crime narratives. Now, for the first time ever, all of the program's creepy highlights are available on home video, including the excellent zombie story "The Incredible Doktor Markesan."

Appearing near the end of the series' second and final season, the episode is one of approximately five entries in which Karloff stars in the story, in addition to providing the introduction. The segment opens with down-on-their-luck newlyweds Fred (Dick York) and Molly (Carolyn Kearney) arriving at a decrepit mansion owned by Fred's

distant uncle Dr. Konrad Markesan (Karloff), hoping for a place to stay while they look for jobs. Their stoic but curiously gaunt relative, a former science professor, first argues that the crumbling, rat-infested house is unfit, but reluctantly agrees to put them up once they promise not to wander around the premises—especially after dark.

Peeking out of their bedroom window one evening, the couple spot dear old Uncle creeping through the swamp to a nearby graveyard, and their curiosity gets the better of them. Fred sneaks out and soon discovers that, years ago, Markesan's university colleagues had him fired after he incredulously boasted he had created a serum to raise the dead. But the serum is real—and Markesan is using it not only to keep his own corpse animated, but to resurrect his deceased rival professors and force them through nightly re-enactments of the tribunal that kicked him off campus!

Directed by Robert Florey, who previously handled Universal's classic adaptation of *Murders in the Rue Morgue* and collaborated with Peter Lorre for *The Beast with Five Fingers*, "The Incredible

Doktor Markesan" is one of the series' most potent horror concoctions. Dripping in macabre atmosphere, it's reminiscent of Karloff's "back from the dead" programmers of the late 1930s and early 1940s, including *The Man They Could Not Hang* and *The Man with Nine Lives*, only with a more sinister storyline and a classic "old dark house" setting. As with other *Thriller* episodes helmed by prominent noir directors such as John Brahm (*Hangover Square*) and Ida Lupino (*The Hitch-Hiker*), "The Incredible Doktor Markesan" features evocative, shadowy photography that makes the episode's jarring final scene all the more indelible.

Though he has little dialogue, Karloff is quite good as Markesan, playing early on with audience perceptions over whether his character is, in fact, already dead. With dark circles under his eyes, unkempt hair and an aloof, icy delivery, his unemotional facade slowly gives way to a fiery bitterness and a fixation on compelling his former colleagues to repeat their damning testimony. The other zombies are excellent too, recalling the suit-clad, pasty-faced undead in *Herk Harvey's Carnival of Souls*; they are decaying, ghoulish figures that plead with Markesan to end this afterlife nightmare and let them rest in peace.

Although the writing is often as good as *The Twilight Zone*, *Thriller* generally isn't as interested in twist endings (or social commentary), concentrating solely on slowly ratcheting up the tension over 50 minutes. Besides "The Incredible Doktor Markesan," this approach can also be seen in standout episodes "Pigeons from Hell," a Southern Gothic tale involving two brothers terrorized by winged intruders; the Robert Bloch-penned "Cheaters," in which glasses with strange powers cause death as they're passed from owner to owner; and "Masquerade," about a deranged family of killers led by John Carradine. There's a lot of atmosphere on display, even if the plots are light. Such high-concept premises might have benefited from a shorter running time, but they're still largely satisfying.

With only a handful of episodes previously available on VHS, Image's new *Thriller: The Complete Series* DVD set finally compiles all 67 episodes, showing the series' quick progression from tense police procedural and crime plots into more fantastic and terrifying territory. Guaranteed to thrill viewers to bits, it's an outstanding set that is easily one of the year's best classic horror releases.

PAUL CORUPE



showing the series' quick progression from tense police procedural and crime plots into more fantastic and terrifying territory. Guaranteed to thrill viewers to bits, it's an outstanding set that is easily one of the year's best classic horror releases.

PAUL CORUPE

MONTREAL FETISH WEEKEND

5 NIGHTS OF UNHOLY DELIGHTS SEPTEMBER 3-4-5



KABARET KNY

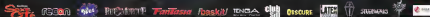


LATEX TRACY



NIGHT OF MASKS
BY MY EYES

FETISH WEEKEND.COM



Exclaim! Aggressive Tendencies



Metal and Hardcore news, reviews, interviews,
video, music and more at **exclaim.ca**



CAME FROM BOWEN'S BASEMENT



DRIVE-INS. DELETE BINS AND OTHER SINS

**O' BROTHER,
WHAT ART THOU?!**
by John W. Bowen

Sometimes it's perfectly understandable when good films, horror and otherwise, fail to catch on simply because of bad timing. In some cases, not even the most savvy marketer could foresee the problem, for example, *Session 9* and *The Devil's Backbone*, both grim 2001 masterpieces in which deeply unhappy characters are forced to make difficult choices, dead of neglect after being released in freshly post-9/11 America. Other times, the trend in question has long since sailed, which is why the audacious and blackly funny *After the Gook* (1990) was doomed to obscurity, arriving as it did five years after the demise of the slasher film. And the magnificent *Exorcist II* (1980)—despite garnering surprisingly enthusiastic reviews in the mainstream press—failed when it was dumped in front of a viewing public that didn't give a shit about demonic possession anymore. (Admittedly, the hint of 1977's disastrous *Exorcist II: The Heretic* didn't help.) And what the hell was the target audience for *Carnival of Souls* in 1962? (Hint: there wasn't one.)

Still, some failures are harder to explain. Witness: *The Kindred* (1987), which should have caused at least a minor sensation among genre fans (and enthusiasts of Stuart Gordon's films) at the time, but didn't, and still hasn't. With both writing and directing credited to the team of Stephen Carpenter and Jeffrey Brown, *The Kindred* plays out in familiar *Re-Animator*-*From Beyond* fashion, although it's not a direct lift from *Lovecraft*, save for one significant nod to *The Shadow Over Innsmouth*. And while the violence could hardly be described as timid, it never quite scales Gordon's heights of outrage—sorry kids, no sucking out of brains through eye sockets, no anesthetic-free face removals and no bound, naked women being violated by severed heads. (Like, seriously. Not even one.)

On her deathbed, geneticist Dr. Amanda Hollins (Kim Hunter of *Planet of the Apes*) pleads with her budding scientist son John (David Allen Brooks) to destroy all ev-



idence of her last experiment, and just before slipping away to that big research grant in the sky, reveals that he has a brother, John, raising the troops—a group of suspiciously good-looking PhD students—and heads off to the old beach house to fulfill his mom's last request, and maybe learn a thing or two about his mysterious brother Anthony in the process.

The family resemblance turns out to be peeing at best. "Anthony" is a green, scaggle-toothed, tentacle-d, built-ugly, under-floorboards-lurking man-fish hybrid that Amanda created with a combination of tissue from John and some dangerous artificially produced compound. (Good one, Mom. Thanks for providing so much adequate info before saddling me with this. You're the best!) Matters are further complicated by evil, scheming Dr. Philip Lloyd (His Royal Highness Rod Stieger), who wants to swipe Amanda's experiment and claim it as his own, aided by Melissa (Amanda Pays), his chick-on-the-side lurking among John's friends.

"Amanda never was one to give up, was she?" the nefarious Lloyd muses about his former colleague. "I mean, she'd hang on, boy. She'd hang on to a death or a nightmare." Bloodshed, beach house wrecking, vehicle destruction, tentacular maiming and painful human-

into-fish-things transformations ensue, with a side order of poetic justice served up suitably odd for certain guilty parties.

Aesthetically, *The Kindred* is less excruciatingly '80s than, say, *Death Spa* (*RM/102*), but the usual accoutrements are in generous supply. Lethal bids, shoulder pads, pleats, people diving Lidos as if there was nothing wrong with that, and no shortage of the inevitable post-*Pollack*/*West*/*Ghostbusters*/*Alien* monster movie standby, slime.

We're all used to mainstream film critics smugly dismissing horror films—especially the more visceral ones—but after poking around online, I was downright shocked at how divided the horror press is over *The Kindred*. On New Zealand's movie court, Richard Scheib gives it a pretty two stars out of five, while *feedmeentertainment.com* calls it "engrossing, horrific and cool." *Kindertrauma.com* (a recent favorite of mine) is openly enthusiastic, Arrow (a recent favorite of mine) dices it as derivative and slow, and *slasherpool.com* declares it a lost classic.

In case you hadn't guessed, I don't count myself among the haters here, and urge you unreservedly to check out this underated criterion. It'll probably get a DVD release at some point, but why wait? VHS copies are still floating about, and you might even have some luck finding it in two-minute increments on a certain popular website that cannot be officially endorsed by this publication but rhymes with "Rue Lube." So get the hell out of my basement, and—unofficially, of course—best of luck with that pointer and clicker!



Haunted Memories

The
ORIGINAL
Line of
Spooky
Changing
Portraits!*

*Based on Real Antique Photographs!



"Aunt Tilly" - Released March 2010

Haunted Memories® Changing Portraits are the **MUST-HAVE** items for your spooky Halloween party - or your own year-round gothic gallery! No batteries, electricity, or special lighting is required for these amazing and highly-effective decorations!



"Grandpa Zachary" - Released January 2010

"SERIES FOUR" of our 5x7 Portraits is now available for **PRE-ORDER** on our website! Release date: August 1st, 2010

We are based in the U.S.A. but we can also ship internationally. However, extra postage is required for these orders.

Phone: (562) 810-5317

E-mail: hauntedmemories1969@gmail.com

WWW.HAUNTEDMEMORIES.COM



DISCOVER THE INCREDIBLE
WORLD OF FULL MOON!

DVDS! TOYS! REPLICAS!

RARE COLLECTABLES
AND BEYOND!

COME VISIT
CHARLES BAND
& FULL MOON AT...

ROCK MOUNTAIN
**FESTIVAL OF
FEAR**
NATIONAL MIDWINTER EXPO 2010

www.fullmoondirect.com

BLOOD IN FOUR COLOURS

BY PEDRO CABEZUELO

Stop me if you've heard this one: teenage girls across the country are obsessed with a supernatural romance involving lovelorn teenagers, unrequited love, vampires and werewolves. Twilight fans stand down because the phenomenon I'm referring to is the classic soap opera *Dark Shadows*, which had youth of the late '60s and early '70s rushing home after school for their daily fix.

Created by Dan Curtis, *Dark Shadows* premiered in 1966 as a gothic daytime drama with supernatural undertones. It wasn't until 1967 that the daily soap became a horror sensation due to the introduction of Barnabas Collins (Jonathan Frid), a 200-year-old guilt-ridden vampire that terrorized – and romanced – the female population of the fictional town of Collinsport, Maine. The following year, David Selby joined the cast as Quentin Collins, a werewolf and sometimes cousinly rival to Barnabas.

The program remains one of the few (and easily the best) daytime dramas with a horror focus, featuring stories dealing with the occult, ghosts, sundry creatures and even time travel. Although the show was cancelled in 1971, it has left its mark on mass media, including magazines, records, two theatrical movies, novelizations and, of course, comic books.

The *Dark Shadows* comic – originally published by Gold Key from 1968 to 1976 for a total of 35 issues – is now being offered in lavish recolored and restored hardcover editions from Hermes Press. "It seemed only natural given that the series got an entire generation hooked on Gothic romance, vampires and werewolves!" says publisher Daniel Herman.

He adds, "For *Dark Shadows* fans who are familiar with the original comics, it's like getting to read seven comic books at one time and rediscover something that hasn't been available – without having to seek out the individual books and assemble them – in over 40 years."

Back in 1967, getting a horror comic off the ground, even one with an existing fan base, wasn't easy. At the time, the Comics Code Authority (CCA)

refused to condone any comics featuring vampirism, let alone werewolves and ghosts, which made it difficult for a series whose main protagonist was a vampire. As a result, DC Comics and Marvel passed on the publishing rights.

Enter the Western Publishing Company. Under its comic imprint, Gold Key, the company had been putting out titles for years without submitting them to the CCA, primarily because the majority of its output was wholesome, kid-friendly material featuring many of the Disney characters. Consequently, the imprint avoided the CCA's gaze and picked up the rights to *Dark Shadows* without incident. By 1971, the CCA had been amended, and if anybody had objected to the earlier issues, it barely caused a ripple at Gold Key.

Like most TV-inspired comics of the day, the series played fast and loose with the television continuity. Inconsistencies are present, especially when it comes to Barnabas' origins, and only a handful of the screen characters made it onto the printed page. Regardless, *Dark Shadows*' scope, imagination and quality storytelling more than made up for its unfaithfulness. Writer Arnold Drake, who created *Deadman* and *Doom Patrol* for DC, was less interested in pandering to fans than telling a good story, and for the most part he succeeded.

"The *Dark Shadows* books have a level of craftsmanship in their artwork and writing that we don't usually see in contemporary comics," says Herman. "Fans of *True Blood* and *Twilight* who see these books will come to have the same fascination for *Dark Shadows* and its cast of characters as they do for [those] contemporary shows. *Dark Shadows* is timeless."

Drake's and Donald J. Ameson's scripts feature their fair share of vampires, werewolves, ghosts, mummies and zombies (usually battling each other), but aren't afraid to wax philosophical, especially when dealing with Barnabas' condition.



The *Dark Shadows* comic book adaptation preserves the gothic melodrama of the TV series

"We thought of him as a sympathetic character with a lot of problems. [Barnabas] had to be a hero despite the evil part of him, which he was constantly fighting," explains editor Wallace Green in the book's introduction.

The importance of Barnabas may be lost on some modern readers, but in vampire lore his name rightfully belongs next to Bram Stoker's Dracula and Anne Rice's Lestat, for Barnabas introduced an entire generation to the concept of a vampire who sees his condition as a curse and is desperate to find a cure. While most of Barnabas' appeal is due to Frid's original portrayal onscreen, the essence of the character was perfectly captured on the page, making the *Dark Shadows* comic a worthy adaptation and a highly satisfying read.

Dark Shadows: The Complete Series Volume 1 published by Hermes Press is on sale now.



Roy Thomas' and Dick Giordano's adaptation of Bram Stoker's famous novel has a long and convoluted publication history spanning four decades. Now, Marvel is repackaging the story in four bumper-sized issues for those who may have missed its previous incarnations. For *Dracula* #1, Thomas does a fantastic job of deciding what to keep and what to jettison, and paces the story beautifully, treating it as a proper comic book tale as opposed to transcribing Stoker's text word for word. Giordano, who died this past March, remains one of the most underrated artists in comics history and truly showed what he was capable of here. His depiction of Castle Dracula is moody and atmospheric, his Count dashing and sinister, and his vampire women outrageously voluptuous. A treat for fans of *Dracula* and classic horror comics.

The talent of Roy Thomas is on display yet again, this time by way of classic *Savage Sword of Conan* magazine, starring she-barbarian Red Sonja. Dynamite, which also publishes new Sonja comics, has luxuriously recoloured this original tale in what will hopefully be a long-running reprint title.



"The Ring of Ikubru" sees our fiery red-head come to the aid of a deposed monarch, who's at war with an evil sorcerer and his monstrous bat-men. In true Cimmerian fashion, there's plenty of swordplay, spouting blood and torn guts.

Sonja never reached the heights of popularity that Conan did, but this tale shows that she can be just as savage and entertaining—a good starting point for the curious, and a glorious revisit for long-time fans.

Nick Mystery, wealthy adventurer and co-founder of the Mystery Society, has just been convicted and sent to prison (for reasons yet to be revealed). While talking to the press, Nick relates the previously secret formation of the Society (which saw him break into Area 51), while his wife Anastasia recruits the sinister Secret Skull, a masked woman who claims to be dead. Steve Niles fills the premiere issue with the necessary ingredients to keep



With this new miniseries, *Hack/Slash* moves from Devil's Due to Image. To mark the occasion, and perhaps bring new readers up to speed, this series gives us a glimpse into the teenage years of Cassie Hack, she who is destined to roam the world destroying bloodthirsty



slashers with her disfigured accomplice, Vlad. The issue opens shortly after Cassie has murdered the Lunch Lady, a notorious serial killer who just happened to be her mother. Cassie spends the rest of the comic trying to determine her place in life. It's a surprisingly introspective issue—amidst copious amounts of blood, that is—which not only acts as a great refresher for long-time followers,

but is a fantastic way for new fans to get in on the bloodshed, too.

readers intrigued, while at the same time revealing very little of the story's direction. Is this science fiction or horror? Or simply a supernatural tale? The series lives up to its name here, and wherever the destination, I'm sure Niles will make it worth the ride.

Nanny & Hank #1 opens with a geriatric vampire complaining about the ageism prevalent in modern vampirism. This sets the tone nicely for the remainder of the comic as we meet our namesake heroes, an elderly couple about to embark on a vacation with their grandchildren. However, fate has other plans for them when Hank accidentally runs over the vampire from the opening scene. Miller has created a comic that is not only funny but also touching, similar to Disney's Pixar films. That's not to say he pulls punches—the scene where Nanny and Hank get attacked by the vampire is intense and disturbing—but if the remaining issues in the series are as entertaining as the first installment, this will be a must-read.



CHRIS KUCHTA
ILLUSTRATION STORYBOARDING CONCEPT DESIGN

WWW.HORRORARTIST.COM
COMBINE MY LOVE OF SCIENCE FICTION OF FEAR

NOW FEATURING OFFICIAL SHIRTS FROM
FAMOUS MONSTERS
OF FEARLAND

GET 10% OFF YOUR NEXT ORDER!
Just enter coupon code **MONSTERS** at checkout to receive the discount! Exp 08.31.14
WWW.FRIGHT-RAGS.COM

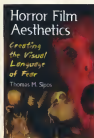
NINTH CIRCLE

BOOKS

Horror Film Aesthetics

Creating the Visual Language of Fear

Thomas M. Sips



JOHN AJVIDE LINDQVIST

LET THE DEAD ONE IN



HANDLING THE UNDEAD



HOW HORROR WORKS • LET THE DEAD ONES IN • ACADEMIC ARGENTO

HORROR FILM AESTHETICS:
CREATING THE VISUAL LANGUAGE OF FEARThomas M. Sips
McFarland

There's nothing worse than a snob spoiling a party and, unfortunately, that's exactly how Thomas M. Sips comes across in the opening pages of his book, an exhaustive study of film techniques.

It's unfortunate, because *Horror Film Aesthetics* has great potential, but that problematic first chapter, titled "Defining the Genre," seems to talk down to the very readers who would be most interested in it. Nearly 30 pages of Sips describing what is "horror," what films don't meet his standards of horror and why films such as *Wisting Hours* shouldn't be included in the genre are sure to grate on anyone's nerves.

While one chapter shouldn't ruin a book, many readers likely won't continue reading and that's a shame because they'll be missing out on a hell of a lot of information about the various tricks and techniques used when it comes to putting gory goodness onscreen. For those horror fans who have never gone to film school, this book can shed light on everything from composition within a frame to focal length and lighting. The impressive part is that Sips manages to keep this part of the book entertaining while still informative.

Though his personal opinions on the classics likely won't be shared by most readers, either—Lon Chaney Jr.'s transformation into *The Wolf Man* is "not a very convincing effect" (?)—Sips knows his stuff and uses everything from *Bram Stoker's*

Dracula to *Pieces* to illustrate what's needed to convey fear on film.

Those who persevere and read the entire book will likely find themselves returning to some of their favorite films to closer examine the techniques he discusses, which only enriches the viewing experience. However, just as showing too much of a cheap monster suit can ruin a flick, so too can a patronizing chapter hobble an otherwise decent book.

W. BRICE MCVICAR

HANDLING THE UNDEAD

John Ajvide Lindqvist
St Martin's

This magazine's pages have been cluttered with flesh-eaters since its inception. Largely falling into the standard Romero style, with more recent detours into *28 Days* Later territory, these walking dead tales tend to feature apocalyptic end-of-the-world scenarios where a hard-bitten group of human survivors faces hardship and death, and occasionally lives to fight another day. It's all very familiar, which is why this subgenre needed someone to take these decaying tropes to the next level and craft something truly special—if only to show the naysayers that this beloved genre of ours is a goddamn art form worthy of everyone's respect.

As it turns out, all it took was John Ajvide Lindqvist, the man behind the vampire-ravaging modern classic *Let the Right One In*. With *Handling the Undead*, he does for flesh-eating what he did for blood-sucking.

This is a zombie novel, but he cleverly turns the focus onto those people forced to ponder the reli-

gious, scientific and societal implications of the "reliving." Lindqvist centres his plot on a group of living folks who are dealing with the return of their dearly departed: a grandfather slight with the hope that his grandson will come back, a widow who retreats into apocalyptic spiritualism, a husband aghast at what his recently deceased wife has become and a gloomy teen who fears that these "reliving" may not be as benign as first believed.

Fear is the emotion horror needs to get right, and in Lindqvist's hands, it becomes our collective nightmare; these undead are our mothers, our fathers, our wives, our husbands and our children. There is no heaven or hell, no oblivion, nothing beyond what we know now, and the unpredictability that sets up paves the way for a truly chilling conclusion, which will linger with you well after you turn off the lights and try to get some sleep.

It would be the height of hyperbole to call *Handling the Undead* the greatest zombie novel ever, but it would be a crime not to call it what it is: a unique and remarkable achievement in horror fiction that is wholly recommendable.

BRAD ABRAHAM

BROKEN MIRRORS/BROKEN MINDS:
THE DARK DREAMS OF DARIO ARGENTOMatti McDonald
University of Minnesota Press

Dario Argento is truly deserving of the appellation "master of horror." Of the nineteen features and four telefilms he has made over the last 40 years, only one, the comedy *Le cinque giornate* (1973), is not rooted firmly in the thriller or horror genres (or available on DVD with English-language

THE GRIM READER

HE STEPPED THROUGH

Nate Southern
Bloodletting Press

Nate Southern's all-too-short novelette takes a more visceral and hard-boiled approach to the Lovecraftian mythos. In this gory, terrifying tale, the words, "He stepped through" begin to appear all over LA — sometimes

written in blood, other times spoken by seemingly possessed people who repeat them until they bite out their tongues — heralding the imminent arrival of a Great Old One. Chilling-mild!



JESSA SOBCZUK

EVIL INVENTIONS

Rick Amadi
Scholastic

Yay! A good book at last! *Evil Inventions* is filled with inventions that have gone wrong. This book has tons of information that even an adult would laugh at — everything from a ship made out of ice and wood, to a wearable porta-potty for dogs. It is filled with humor and great illustrations. I loved this book. A great read.



HANNAH GARCÉS-SLOANE, AGE ELEVEN

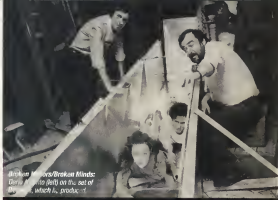
THE BRIDGE

John Skipp
and Craig Spector
Leisure

First released in 1991 and long out-of-print, John Skipp and Craig Spector's influential splatterpunk admix is back in bookstores. It's set in the industrial town of Paradise, where a chemical spill has turned the land into a cesspit, mutating people and wildlife into a horde of oozing deviants. While the plottings get frenzied and scattered at times, the stylized language and over-the-top gore make *The Bridge* a perfect intro to this disgusting, and exhilarating, subgenre.



JESSA SOBCZUK



Broken Mirrors/Broken Minds: Derek de la Matina (left) on the set of *Broken*, which is, product

option). But even amongst his most ardent fans, he is a polarizing figure; Argento is as revered for his visual artistry as he is reviled for an approach to narrative filmmaking that can charitably be described as unconventional. His films do not reveal themselves easily. At the risk of seeming pretentious, the only way to fully appreciate the impish humour and fascinations with art, mythology and psychology that inform his infinitely fascinating oeuvre is to see it in its entirety, finally possible given the DVD release of *Four Flies on Grey Velvet* (1971) last year. Alternatively, you can cherry-pick a few significant titles and read this update of McDonough's highly regarded study of Argento's filmography.

This is the third edition of this book. The original version was written in 1985 as the author's thesis for a degree in film history/theory/criticism from Columbia University. It was updated and published in Britain in 1991 and further revised for a US edition in 1994. This latest revision includes a new introduction examining Argento's work from *The Stench of Synthesis* (1996) through to his most recent film, *Giallo* (2009), plus an up-to-date filmography.

While any Argentoophile should consider *Broken Mirrors/Broken Minds* required reading — as McDonough rightfully acknowledges that *Tenebre* (1982) is his quintessential film and *Strawhead Syndrome* his most underrated — there are two caveats to note. First, this is a critical analysis, not a biography. As such, it veers into academic territory and can get a little dry for the casual reader looking for anecdotes and trivia about the man, but as an enthusiastic dissection of his films, their contemporary context, and a catalogue of his influences, it's indispensable. Second, the films are described in extensive detail, so be aware that spoilers are unavoidable. But don't let these things scare you away, as you'd be missing out on one of the best reference books on the man's sinister body of work.

THE GORE-MET

SPARROW ROCK

Nate Kanyon
Leisure

The Cold War may be long over, but Nate Kanyon channels those old nuclear anxieties in his new novel *Sparrow Rock*, then proceeds to up the ante further by bringing biological warfare into play.

The tale opens with a group of high school friends looking for a secluded place to hang out and smoke some weed. They eventually end up on the island of Sparrow Rock at a freshly finished bomb shelter — built by grandfather of one of the teens — where they settle in for a night of partying. That is, until the bombs inexplicably start falling.

With mushroom clouds blooming all around them, the teens hastily secure themselves in the shelter. When the radio tunes in only static, it begins to appear as if America, and maybe the world, is descending into nuclear winter. As the days turn into weeks, the kids begin to fear they may be

Baby's First BOO!

Handmade frights for your favourite little deviant

www.babysfirstboo.com

DARK REGIONS PRESS WANTS TO SHOW YOU THE BRAVEST AND STRANGEST IN SHORT FICTION WITH ITS **NEW VOICES OF HORROR** ANTHOLOGY SERIES.

THE NASTY NEWCOMERS

BY MONICA S. KUEBLER

IN A MEDIUM WHERE EVERY WORD COUNTS AND THERE ARE ONLY A FEW PAGES TO ESTABLISH CHARACTER, SUSPENSE AND SCARES, SHORT HORROR FICTION SCRIBES MUST LEARN HOW TO KEEP THEIR TRAUMA TIGHT. IN THE **NEW VOICES OF HORROR** SERIES FROM DARK REGIONS PRESS, THE SHORT STORY IS KING, AS EDITOR/CURATOR JOE MOREY SPOTLIGHTS TOMORROW'S MASTER STORYTELLERS TODAY.

While Dark Regions has been publishing horror and speculative fiction for 25 years — with established authors such as Bentley Little, Kevin J. Anderson and Scott Nicholson on their roster, and four Bram Stoker Award-winning collections to their credit — the *New Voices of Horror* imprint is something new for the press. Instead of more standard themed anthologies, featuring the work of multiple writers, each volume of *NVoH* spotlights an under-the-radar horror author. Tomorrow's household names, if you will.

"I think what sets these books apart is that no one else is actually publishing an ongoing series of 'best of' short story collections in this fashion, concentrating on the new and very talented horror writers in the indie press," says Morey, who is also Dark Regions' founder and president.

The series debuted in September 2009 with newcomer David Dunwoody's *Dark Enclaves*, a gory anthology of monster tales, and small press stalwart Angeline Hawkes' *Shades of Blood and Shadow*, a collection of historical horror fiction. These two titles present something of a dichotomy, however. Dunwoody surely is a "new voice" in fiction, but what of Hawkes, who has a somewhat lengthy publishing history? ("The distinction lies in if they have already published too many books in the [mainstream] press to be still considered a new writer," Morey notes.)

The series' third and fourth releases were James Chambers' *Resurrection House* and *Underlow* and *Other Laments* by Michael Kelly. *Resurrection House* delivers an admix of bogeymen, psychological horror and Lovecraftian madness, while *Underlow* is a more subdued, yet powerful, affair, focused on grief, loss and the search for redemption. Each volume, it seems, explores a different facet of horror — from the sublime to the psychological to the grotesque and the downright nasty.

"I think the *NVoH* fiction is quite eclectic, that really is the idea — choosing gifted authors who cover the entire spectrum of, and who push the boundaries of, and often transcend,

the genre. Thus, the series showcases straight supernatural horror fiction, monsters, zombies, dark fantasy, the Lovecraftian universe, experimental, psychological and literary horror stories, and touches many other subgenres as well," says Morey. "I am more interested in publishing works that are imaginative, with strong characters."

This is particularly true for *NVoH*'s upcoming fifth book, *Do-Overs and Detours* by Canadian author Steve Vernon; it compiles eleven of his most eclectic and visceral previously published tales, along with five new ones. In "Tinselled Trailer-Court Viscera," readers meet a recluse who literally lords over the lives and deaths of those living in the trailer park around him. He's got a secret cellar (which may or may not actually

exist) that provides the means for the ghostly demise he orchestrates, such as a neighborhood newspaper boy who is aerated by his bicycle's spokes, and a woman whose insides are yanked out through her mouth. *Revenge* is also served up by Jacob Leyberg. In "The Takashi Miike Seal of Approval," which begins with a very unusual, non-consensual blood transfusion and ends with a horrifying sequence that can only be described as the ultimate cleansing. Other compelling tales speak of the last days of a legendary book hoarder who builds his own coffin from his accumulated hardcovers, and a monster hunter, who must face a supernatural body snatcher in an abandoned trainyard, with only his wits as his weapon.

Do-Overs and Detours will be followed by the series' sixth and seventh volumes next year, a supernatural horror collection by Carol Weekes and a volume from bizarre horror scribe Andersen Pruitt, respectively. While Morey says that he intends to wrap the *NVoH* series after eight releases, he admits he could yet change his mind. Regardless, Dark Regions will continue to do what it does best: scout the less-beaten paths for emerging talents, then share their collective fears with the world.

"Dark Regions will be publishing many new and interesting writers over the next two years," Morey affirms. "In particular, William Dittie, Daniel McGachey, Carol Weekes, Allyson Bird and Jim Gavin are definitely writers to watch out for. If they keep to their craft, I expect them to be producing some of the best horror fiction out there for years to come. I would like to make a point here although I have just mentioned a few of the great writers to watch, it sadly seems as if sometimes, very few people fully appreciate the relatively large numbers of hidden talent in the indie press."



LIBRARY OF DAMNED

DEATH OF A SMALL PRESS

THIS PAST JUNE THE HORROR FICTION COMMUNITY was rocked by the news that Necro Publications was suspending operations indefinitely. Necro, an American Press best known for its catalogue of hardcore horror, had been in business seventeen years, which is no small feat for a small press. Owner Dave Barnett cited a number of reasons for his decision: the faltering economy, health issues, an unfortunate storm of seemingly endless bad luck. But the reasons don't really matter; they don't make the loss any less profound.

As in film, it's the independent press — and small publishers like Necro — who put out the most provocative and groundbreaking genre titles. Without them, our choices would be limited to the relatively safe offerings of Random House, Penguin, and the other major players — essentially mainstream horror that marketing departments know how to sell. That's not to say great books don't occasionally come out of the corporate machine, but edgy, controversial and pure-beyond-all-bait books rarely do. Some with collectible volumes, unless of course you're Stephen King. These things are the domain of the small press. And the small press is their champion.

Necro Publications, in particular, was author Edward Lee's (RMN) champion. Though it published other writers and collections as well, it is Lee's fans, myself included, who will be most damaged by its news. Necro was one of the best — if not the best — source for Lee's too-slick-for-the-mainstream novels (it, for instance, was the first publisher of *The Bystander*, a relentlessly violent hilariously serial killer story that begins with a baby's head being bashed in with a cast-iron skillet and only gets crazier from there) and for beautiful hardcover collector's editions of his other

works, including the 2001 restored and uncensored hardback version of his 1992 mass-market novel *Succubi*.

As Dark Regions' Joe Murray states in this month's book feature (see p.55), few readers are even aware of the sheer amount of talent and boundary-pushing horror that thrives in the fringes, in the catalogues of publishers such as Necro, Earling, Blood-lifting and many others. This saddens me greatly, but it doesn't have to be. The next time you are buying a book, take a closer at the spine, note who released it. Visit places like horror-mall.com and explore what the small press has to offer. Did you know that most of these indie publishing houses are owned and operated by one or two people who are in it for the love of scary storytelling, not their cheque books? If you don't think that makes a difference when they're deciding what to release, you're dead wrong. If I'm particularly passionate about this loss, it's because I know this labour of love first-hand, having run my own small press for more than a decade now.

Farewell, Necro. You will be missed.

MONICA S. KUEBLER

the last people alive on Earth. Then, the walking corpses and mutant insects show up. They comprise the second wave of the attack — infecting and decimating the remaining survivors one-by-one. The teens' efforts against them are mostly futile and soon they must decide whether to die in the shelter or risk a similar fate by leaving it to search for another pocket of humanity.

The best part of *Sparrow Rock* is that it feels fresh; this isn't the same old mass-market horror novel you've read 100 times already in slightly differing iterations. Even the walking dead are so far removed from the fictional shamblers popular in recent years that it feels wrong to call them zombies. In addition, *Sparrow Rock*'s characters are well formed and sympathetic, even when the claustrophobic isolation and, later, the insect infestations begin to eat away at their sanity (and bodies). And yes, it insects or the idea of insects burrowing into human flesh and reproducing makes you queasy, you'll find no reprieve in *Sparrow Rock*, a novel seemingly custom made for everyone who's sick and tired of the same old zombie/vampire schtick.

MONICA S. KUEBLER

APARTMENT 16

Adam Nevill

Pat Macmillan

Having started his career writing and editing erotica, Adam Nevill has now taken his second foray into novel-length horror (his first being 2008's *Banquet for the Damned*).

Apartment 16 is two tales of one city, contemporary London. Over alternating chapters, the novel's two protagonists explore their contrasting neighbourhoods and lifestyles. April, a young American, visits London to sell her wealthy great aunt's decreaying Barrington House apartment in posh Knightsbridge. Meanwhile, struggling artist Seth lives in a flat above a pub in the squalid East End. He is plagued by isolation, poverty and a hooded street urchin who lures him towards a secret evil hidden within Barrington House, where he is the night watchman — and the fates of April and Seth draw ever closer.



Nevill specializes in ominous presence. There is a constant sense throughout the novel that something dark is looming in the background. April's stranger in a strange land story is interesting, but the novel only becomes truly engrossing once the central bogeyman, Felix Hessen, is formally introduced. Hessen, whose Surrealist occult paintings "nearly revised the direction of modern art," lived in Barrington House until his disappearance in the late 1940s. Although he never really takes centre stage — this is left mostly to his "population of the vortex," some-human grotesques that infect the urban landscape — his influence is always felt. Once we learn about Hessen and his nihilistic worldview, fear begins to take shape and the novel's direction becomes defined.

Particularly enjoyable is a scene in which April attends a "Friends of Felix Hessen" meeting. The gathering is composed of oddballs and outcasts, and their unhealthy obsession with Hessen borders on sinister. Like one of Hessen's paintings, the traits of the obsessive, fringe collectors are parodied and distorted to the point of menace.

There are plenty of descriptions of the artist's grotesque and otherworldly denizens — the paintings of Francis Bacon are mentioned, so is Crowley, and the writings of Thomas Ligotti are implied: "hunched figures [n] dingy rooms... reduced to all fours and resembling apes or puppets" — but the most brutal horror is found in the real world and the amplified or desperate perceptions of it. In particular, a scene in which Seth is brutalized by a gang of vicious London youths, and his subsequent encounter with a drunken tramp.

Apartment 16 combines accessible writing with reserved dread — though there are some visceral scenes that will surely please those who like spectacle to take the spotlight. Nevill's third novel will be rightly anticipated.

BRIAN J. SHOWERS



FROM MIDNIGHT SYNDICATE

AND THE PRODUCER OF
FROM DUSK TILL DAWN

ANDREW DUFFY & TOM SAVINI
JASON CARTER

WWW.THEDEADMATTER.COM

3-DISC
DELUXE
EDITION
INCLUDES
2 BONUS CDs



AVAILABLE AT
HOT TOPIC
STARTS ON
JULY 30TH

Visit www.erinkellison.com To Win a **FREE Nook!**



Shadow Bound

July 2010

Death. *Some people will do anything to avoid it. Even trade their immortal souls for endless existence.*

Shadow Fall

August 2010

Wraiths. *They are infiltrating our world, sucking the essence of their unsuspecting victims with their hideous parody of a kiss.*



Also Coming from Leisure Books:

August 2010



New Novels by

Brian Keene
John Everson
Richard Laymon
Gord Rollo

September 2010



TRAVELOGUE OF TERROR

THE AMSTERDAM GHOST WALK — AMSTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS

BY TOM MIES



What's so scary about Amsterdam? Sure, the capital of the Netherlands is a haven for tourists with its placid canals, quaint brick houses and manifold pleasures consumed openly and good-naturedly. But the fact is, its centuries-old city centre not only makes Amsterdam look like a living outdoor gallery, it also boasts the kind of history rarely glimpsed in tourist-friendly museums. Who knows what's buried beneath the pavement trodden daily by thousands of daytrippers? How did Bloedstraat ("Blood Street") get its name? Who remembers that postcard favourite Dam Square was once a theatre of countless public executions?

Granted, there's the Torture Museum, with its displays of rusty guillotines and bone saws, and the Sex Museum, which devotes plenty of space to more Sadean forms of human desire, but those eager to learn the answers to the questions above are advised to try out an attraction of a different kind: the Amsterdam Ghost Walk.

Organized by historian Bart de Wit, the Ghost Walk leads the curious through the dark side

of this traditionally prosperous city's past. While on the 90-minute tour, visitors traverse obscure alleyways that snake through long-forgotten sites of madness and murder, as well as better-known landmarks whose ironically venerate merely masks the macabre history lurking beneath.

I find de Wit at dusk, waiting for his flock outside The Tara Irish Pub on Amsterdam's main drag, Rokin, which is a stone's throw from Dam Square. I am not the only member of the press today: a Belgian camera crew is taking the tour as well. The Ghost Walk's fame is steadily growing in the Low Countries.

Once all of the participants have gathered and the last rays of sunlight have disappeared, de Wit leads us off the noisy, traffic-laden Rokin through a narrow alley. We are ushered onto a deserted, cobblestone street named Spinhuissteeg. Here was Het Spinhuis ("The Spinning House"), the city's most notorious women's prison, where part of the inmates' punishment consisted of being ridiculed by paying visitors. It is also the site of the evening's first tale, about the daughter of a respected middle-class trader, whose exposure to public hangings at an early age had entirely the opposite effect of her father's intention. Becoming fascinated with taboo-breaking behaviour, the teenage girl repeatedly embarrassed her family with her actions before beginning an illicit love affair with a young religious acolyte that landed her six months in Het Spinhuis.

What became of her lover, we wonder, as de Wit walks us further down the street and halts in front of what is, today, a major chain hotel (He asks us specifically not to mention the name, so as not to draw ghost hunters, although a Google maps search for "Spinhuissteeg, Amsterdam" will point you in the right direction.) Once a border house for pilgrims, this is where the young monk who loved the merchant's daughter was locked in a top-floor room, where he eventually committed suicide. Since then, frightened hotel guests have claimed to have seen a young man hang himself in their room, leading management to rent out the top floor only when all other suites are booked and the

customer absolutely insists on staying. Reportedly, even the hotel's head of security fears it.

A stroll up Kloveniersburgwal canal brings us to Nieuwmarkt square and De Waag. Built in 1498, De Waag was once a barge into the heart of the medieval city. Now a popular bar and restaurant walking distance from the infamous Red Light District, this castle-like structure with its four portly towers and central stronghold has been the site of many a weird tale. Its giant scales that served to weigh merchandise for tax purposes also proved to be the perfect tools to aid prosecutors during the European witch hunts, where the accused would be weighed as part of their "trials." Later, it housed a theatre of dissection led by Dr. Nicolaes Tulp — immortalized by Rembrandt in his 1632 painting *The Anatomy Lesson* — that provided anatomy classes to anyone willing to cough up the entry fee. Clearly, the people of merchant city Amsterdam had a unique talent for transforming real-life atrocities into money-spinning attractions.

Another such person was Czar Peter the Great, a member of the Russian royal family who was intrigued by the fine art of digging into dead bodies. Peter allegedly bought a large part of Tulp's collection of medical curiosities and had a total of 60 crates dispatched back to his homeland on two ships. However, the macabre cargo, which included jars of deformed embryos in drinkable formaldehyde, never reached its destination, thanks to a vodka shortage on the boat.

In spite of his laud tales, de Wit eschews all gimmickry. Clad in a long black coat and leaning on a weathered wooden cane, he acquits himself equally well in English as in his mother tongue, speaking in a deep voice with lots of rolling Rs, in a style modelled on the British storytelling tradition.

"I'm a storyteller, not a ghost hunter," he says, adding that he respects the dead too much to lock his audience in dark rooms or have masked accomplices jumping out of the shadows for added scares. Though certainly atmospheric, the Ghost Walk is not exactly a theatrical, all-immersive experience.

From De Waag, the trek continues through the eastern part of town, toward the former battlements. Here, militias once defended the city from invaders eager to get their hands on Amsterdam's ports and riches. The ghosts of soldiers and slaughtered civilians are said to still haunt the fortified remains of the city's former defenses. The 550-year-old Schmeier-



storen (also known as the "Tower of Cries," because it was the spot where wives saw their soldier and sailor husbands off on their long voyages abroad) apparently does its nickname justice during the wee hours of the morning. While every year on the same date, the Montelbaanstoren – another tower further south along the same Oudeschans canal – receives a nighttime visit from a ghost family, reportedly killed while seeking refuge in the tower during one of many battles waged here during the Middle Ages. On this particular evening, as we stop to hear de Wit's tale, we notice a ghostly light shining through a small window of the supposedly deserted structure. Even our guide is at a loss to explain it.


The discoveries on the tour are manifold and surprise even an elderly member of the group who has lived her whole life in Amsterdam. The peaceful residential courtyard named Zuiderkerkhof ("Southern Graveyard"), for instance, boasts a stone entrance gate decorated in a coffin motif that's adorned with genuine skulls. According to de Wit, they were likely taken from criminals hung from the gallows of Dam Square. And yes, while the gravestones of the former burial site may be gone, the bodies are still there.

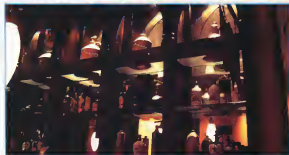
De Wit is a fountain of knowledge regarding Amsterdam's macabre history. The stories on this particular rendition of the tour are only a fraction of his repertoire, which means the contents and route of the Ghost Walk are rarely the same twice. The guide also refuses to admit whether he believes the ghostly yarns he spins, preferring each individual reach his or her own conclusions.

He does state, however, that all of his tales come from reputable sources and none were created for the purpose of this tour. To illustrate, he tells of the night he took a group of English mediums on the walk, whenever he spoke of a dead soul, his supernaturally gifted audience would almost invariably give a detailed physical description of the person in question, who they claimed was standing right beside him at that very moment.

Unlike some of his more sensitive participants – allegedly there are those who refuse to ever take the tour again – de Wit feels very comfortable surrounded by the ghosts of Amsterdam, and it seems that they, in turn, feel quite comfortable with his tributes to them.

"Believe me," he says, "with all these bicycles you constantly have to duck in this town, the living residents of Amsterdam are far more dangerous than the dead."

The Amsterdam Ghost Walk is 12.50 Euros per person, with group rates available. Departure times vary and booking in advance is required as groups are limited to 25 people. Visit amsterdamghostwalk.com for more info. 



Amsterdam's Historic Rooms: (clockwise from top) The decorative archway of the Het Spinnus, the skull-adorned stone entrance to Zuiderkerkhof, inside the Tiers Irish Pub, where the tour kicks off, the Zuiderkerkhof clock tower, and (opposite) De Witte, which acted as the medieval tollgate into the city.



celebrating 5 YEARS of HORROR!

specializing in COLLECTIBLES TOYS CLOTHING MUSIC POSTERS BOOKS MAGAZINES and More!

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERIOUS SECRETS

www.houseofmysterioussecrets.com

MOUNTAIN VIEW MOVIES



WHOLESALE DVDS & VIDEO GAMES UNDER \$4

www.MountainViewMovies.com 1683 437-5405



THE GORE MET

MENU: DAS BLOOD 'N' GUTS IS GUT, JA?

THESE ARE THE DAYS of the underground German splatter films since my chunks were blown by Jörg Buttgereit's *Nekromantik* (1987) at a film festival nearly twenty years ago. It wasn't soon after, through rentals and tape trades, that I discovered awe-inspiring abominations by Andreas Schnaas (*Zombie 90: Extreme Pestilence*, 1991) and Olaf Ittenbach (*The Burning Moon*, 1992).

Over the ensuing years, I've never lost my enthusiasm for seeing a gibbering, masked maniac staple a latex vagina shut or lop a risibly rendered fake head off a mannequin (complete with comedic arterial spray!). Any reasonable critic would sneer at these films for being crude — both in content and execution — and shamelessly over-the-top, but that's precisely why this one finds them so endlessly amusing.

Unfortunately, they are not always easy to find. Marcel Walz' *La petite morte* (2009), which I enthused about back in *RMF100*, reminded me of just how few of these cheap gore jobs ever get noticed. Then a nice pair promptly plopped on my desk, two relatively recent films so remarkably similar I had to coin a phrase to describe them: post-torture porn retro slashers. They honour those '80s backwoods body count films that marched horny kids into the woods to be fodder for misogynistic serial killers, but their victims meet excessively crueler fates.

Frank W. Montag's *Slasher* (2007) is an uneven homage to *Friday the 13th* (1980) and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (1974). It almost begins with a bang, but a lusting chainsaw-wielding killer pops out of the woods and fucks up the hot chick gyrating topless for her boyfriend before she can get her pants off. Cue the familiar set-up — carefree college students cut class for weekend of sun and sex. As they cavort in a grocery store while picking up supplies, another attractive couple



is brutally dispatched at the side of a lake. This is likely significant.

At the end of the genre-standard road trip (there's even a convertible), the gang stops at a rural farm in search of gas, only to be run off by the rather dysfunctional and sinister inhabitants (see *Frontière(s)*, 2007). They set up camp and frolic in a familiar lake before a disfigured lunatic who looks like Leatherface and stalks like Jason begins picking them off. A ludicrous back story (see *The Burning*, 1981) provides a twist, and a second one that beggars belief is thrown out at the end (see *House Tension*, 2003).

Slasher was shot on digital video and looks immeasurably better than its camcorder forebearers. The cinematography is solid; the score wonderfully reminiscent of *Friday the 13th*'s music. The cast know their clichés, and the women are eager to get naked. A lot of purple blood is sprayed in their faces, but with a couple of exceptions — particularly a savage assault on a vagina — gristler effects are more implied than depicted. The recent Unearthed Films DVD includes a "making of" featurette, as well as a slideshow and trailers.

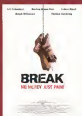
A much more satisfying tribute is Matthias Olaf Eich's *Break* (2009). Again, bog standard

set-up — three college girls take a fourth camping to help her get over a bad breakup. They run afoul of a pair of psychotic rednecks who hunt them like animals in order to rape and kill them.

It isn't the story that makes this film so charming; it's the unintentional elements of cheese that imbue it. *Break* was shot in Germany and set in Canada; however, a character identifies a town as Bellingham (which is in Washington State). In an unusual move, the cast speak English, but try as they might they can't hide their Teutonic twang. Also, it sports the most hilariously awful theme song since *The Mollusk* (1985)

graced us with "Fall Break."

This is by no means a bad film, though. Admittedly, the dialogue is a little stilted, but the interaction between the girls is natural and engaging. The first half of the film fondly recalls *Deliverance* (1972), *Rituals* (1977), *Just Before Dawn* (1981), *Friday the 13th: The Final Chapter* (1984) and *The Descent* (2005) without a single overt reference. There's more gore, including an awesome arrow-in-the-eye, but a brutal rape might put some off. Look for a PAL DVD release in Germany this month.



Bloody Rare Theater

Watch Classic Horror
and Sci-Fi Movies for Free



- Night of the Living Dead
- Dementia 13
- The Last Man on Earth
- House on Haunted Hill
- Nosferatu
- The Brain That Wouldn't Die
- Carnival of Souls
- and many more...

www.bloodyraretheater.com

FROM THE MIND OF
RODRIGO GUDIÑO
RUE MORQUE'S FOUNDING EDITOR AND PUBLISHER



"POWERFUL"
COLUMBIA TRISTAR

"SUPREMELY
DISQUIETING."
FIRST POST NEWS

"ONE
FUCKED-UP"
NUMBER."
ART & COOK NEWS

"BEAUTIFUL
AND
HAUNTING."
CINEMA CENTRAL

NOW AVAILABLE ON DVD
RUE-MORQUE.COM



The Power Of Zombie Jesus Compels You!

Zombie Jesus



CHAMPIONS OF HELL
OFFICIAL ZOMBIE MOVIE!

Order Champions of Hell and
Zombie Jesus T-shirts and Comic Books
at www.championsofhell.com



YOUR ONLINE SOURCE FOR EXPLOITATION, HORROR AND DIY CINEMA



New Monthly Contests and Promotions



RUE MORGUE
**FESTIVAL
FEAR**
NATIONAL HORROR EXPO 2010

AUGUST 27-29, 2010
Metro Toronto Convention Centre, North Building

WITH
GUEST OF
HONOUR

DAVID CRONENBERG

(The Fly, The Dead Zone, Dead Ringers, Rabid, Shivers)

ALSO
FEATURING

LANCE HENRIKSEN

(Hush, Near Dark, Pumpkinhead, Millennium)

And Special Guests



KEN RUSSELL

(The Devils, Out of the Blue, Wives, Men, Blood & Roses)



GLENN DANZIG

(Johnny, Mouth, Darkness, World's)



BILL MOSELEY

(Beverly Hills Cop, The Exorcist, The Exorcist II: The Heretic)



WILLIAM FORSYTHE

(The Untouchables, The Untouchables, The Untouchables)



HEATHER LANGENKAMP

(A Nightmare on Elm Street, A Nightmare on Elm Street)



EL HIJO DEL SANTO

(Lucha Libre, Lucha Libre, Lucha Libre)

Additional Guests



JAMES MARSTERS

(Buffy the Vampire Slayer)



JOAN COLLINS

(Dynasty, Dynasty, Dynasty)



CAMILLE KEATON

(Star 80, Star 80)



JULIE NEWMAR

(Catwoman)



FRED VOGEL

(Night of the Living Dead)



LLOYD KAUFMAN

(Trash, Trash, Trash)



THE UNSETTLERS

(The Unsettlers, The Unsettlers)



CHARLES BAND

(The Charles Band Show, The Charles Band Show)



AND MANY MORE

(And Many More, And Many More)

TICKETS ON SALE NOW. TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM TICKETWEB.CA 1-888-222-4608 AND FROM FANEXPOCANADA.COM

SEATING: LIMITED CORPORATE SPACE AVAILABLE! CONTACT JEFF HARRISON AT 905.963.4310 FOR MORE GUEST UPDATES VISIT WWW.RUE-MORGUE.COM

FAN EXPO

AUDIO DROME

★★★★★ **BRILLIANT** ★★★★★ **OUTSTANDING** ★★★★★ **GOOD** ★★★★★ **OK** ★★★★★ **POOR** **DDR**
 REVIEWED BY KEITH CARMAK, JONN BRADSHAW, MARK J. HAZAR, LAST CHANCE LANCE, AARON YOUNG, LUTTEN AND TREVOR TURNER



THEATER OF BLOOD

Michael J. Lewis
 La-La Land Records

Refreshingly atypical of the more formal British orchestral sound, Michael J. Lewis' approach to horror is contemporary classical, yet nevertheless embraces a certain Renaissance gentility, as beautifully represented in "Edwina's Theme." There is also lounge pop, light jazz, rippling fugues and maybe a hint of Marmoset (notably in "Cymbeline," where the decapitation of a vicious critic is given a soothing Muzak-styled underscore). Recapitulations and variations of "Edwina's Theme" trace the character's increasing loss of identity as she evolves into her father's stealth revenge tool, but woven into those moments of earnest tragedy are memorable buoyant cues. In "Partita of Blood/Alive in Triumph" and "Fugate," Lewis glides from harpsichord to bubbly woodwinds and strings, transforming a sword fight into a raucous fox hunt between a malignant hand actor and his poisonous critic. Easily the crown jewel among Lewis' horror scores. **MRH** ★★★★★

being part of a working class of grim reapers. By focusing on the characters, the drummer for The Police mines his gifts for rhythm and acoustic sampling, and creates cues filled with musical nuances rather than straight thematic material. The results are emotive moments that seem to materialize from, and sink back into, a sterile, neutral sound blanket. It's a perfect evocation of life in a surreal stratum where there's an ongoing sense of puzzlement and annoyance. String solos are sonically folded into weird sounds, woodwind samples provide a delightful lowly, and the composer's patented rhythmic textures give the album a brisk tempo, suggesting that death may be a livelier event than you'd think. **MRH** ★★★★★



A PRIMITIVE EVOLUTION

S/T
 Independent

Who says retail doesn't rock? With Play Dead Cult clothing store owner Stu Dead on skins and Dim from horror outlet thedarksidestore.com swingin' the lead axe, Toronto's A Primitive Evolution deals aggressive, experimental hard rock à la Faith No More meets Alice in Chains. Thickly produced by frontman Brett Carruthers, the band's self-titled debut is a big, fat blast of grungy guitar, hammer-down drums, crack rhythms, haunting vocals and the odd blast of sexy saxophone. Featuring primal, passionate songs about love, war and the weird wonders of humanity, the album peaks with a grinchhouse-inspired fist-pumper called "Death on Wheels," a firecracker of a party anthem, complete with the sexy shout-along chorus, "D-a-a-t-h, KILL! KILL!" (delivered by Frankenstein cheerleaders in the video). Stay tuned for the clip to follow-up single "Empty Holes" too, which will see the band members don elaborate prosthetics to prow the stage as werewolves. **TD** ★★★★★



HAUNTED GEORGE

American Crow
 In The Red Records

Having left behind a career doing sound for movies to become a park ranger in the Mojave Desert years ago, George (a.k.a. Steve Palfow) now spends his time building coffins and creating the *Haunted Shack Theater* podcast—a hallucinatory scrap pile of B-movie horror clips and obscurities—in between weird musical projects. His latest, *American Crow*, is a loud, crude and very experimental take on swampy garage rock that is perhaps reflective of someone living in isolation—it's completely bizarre and doesn't fit any version of garage or roots rock out there. The shaky production values, shakier musical abilities and angry vocals basically amount to the ravings of an eccentric street person. Though he's put together a nice-looking package of murder- and death-inspired lyrics, wrapped in occult-inspired artwork, Haunted George's latest amounts to

little more than a musical curiosity from the American badlands. **AVL** **DDA**



SYBREE

The Pulse of Awakening
 Listenable Records

With a style that seamlessly blends death metal, dark wave, sampling and heavy electronic beats, Sybree is a difficult band to pin down. The Swiss quartet's third studio album capitalizes on its ability to match heavy, chugging industrial guitars and eerie synthesizers with vocals that effortlessly slip between raspy melodies and throaty death screams. Songs such as "Electronegative," "Emma O," "I Am Ultraviolence" and "Doomsday Party" are expected dance floor bloodlettings, but an inspired cover of Killing Joke's gothic anthem "Love Like Blood" and the chunkified aria "Lucifer Effect" inject this thirteen-track release with a welcome shot of metal. Fans of Fear Factory and Meshuggah are going to appreciate the growling musk on this album, while Ministry and NIN zealots will dig its mid-'80s synth-pop sensibility. **MRH** ★★★★★



DEAD LIKE ME

Stewart Copeland
 La-La Land Records

Stewart Copeland's music for the very TV series *Dead Like Me* essentially explores how characters react to death, whether it's something morbid, ridiculously ironic, genuinely sad, or just becoming a bit injured by the routine of

NOW PLAYING ON

THOSE POOR BASTARDS

Gospel Haunted

Tribulation Recording Co.

Grizzled, distorted vocals, piano mashing, eerie banjo and echo-drenched darkening and creaking? This ain't your granddaddy's country music! Wisconsin's Those Poor Bastards have cooked up their seventh helping of "doom country," and best believe, this won't go down easy. Bandmates Lonesome Wyatt and The Minister kick up a ruckus akin to a crudely recorded nightmare on *Gospel Haunted*, which sounds more menacing than their 2008 Halloween-themed *Abominations* EP. More than ever, Lonesome Wyatt's sermons hang like a black cloud of misery above the band's death witless, while choruses of grimey gurgle their faith. Wrestling with angels and demons in equal measure, the gruesome beween's gliding march of "Judgement is Coming" gives way to the front man channeling Johnny Cash's ghost in "At the Crossroads" and "Forgive Me Malice," before morphing into a sniveling goblin in "Serpents" and "A Secret." If he and comes early, these original illegitimates may be the culprits. **TT** ★★★★★



the BLOOD SPATTERED GUIDE

ADULT'S MIDWESTERN HORROR

"Movies are pieces of film stuck together in a certain rhythm, an absolute beat, like a musical composition. The rhythm you create affects the audience."

—JOHN CARPENTER



In this digital age, one of instant gratification, unlimited archives and constant (over)sharing, a musical rarity is, well, a rarity. That's just one reason why the new short film and music projects from Adult, are so exciting. The Detroit husbands-wife duo of Adam Lee Miller and Nicola Kuperus, who have been making unsettling electronic music for a decade (sample song title: "I Feel Worse When I'm with You"), have completed two films and soundtracks of what they call "Midwestern horror" — but they probably are not coming soon to a theatre near you.

The latest Adult production, *Traditions*, recently had its world premiere in Toronto, in a double bill alongside their 2008 film *Decamperment*. Adam and Nicola are committed to presenting the films only when they can perform their score live alongside them, so this special event was as much a concert as a screening, with no video or audio taping allowed.

"We're really romantic," Miller told me by phone, a few nights before the event, while still finishing the edits. "In a time where everything is so accessible, we want to make an experience that's memorable for the people in the room. ... It's a bit of a secret society."

An apt description, since the theme of a secret society runs through *Decamperment*, a silent short about a coven of women. *Traditions* (which has some dialogue using English subtitles) takes things further, riffing on the rituals of female adolescence, Easter weekend and cabin-in-the-woods horror films. Beyond that, I can't reveal much (secret society and all). But it's clear they know their scary movies and music. Miller admits they are inspired quite a lot by two genre icons: John Carpenter (for scoring his own films) and fellow Michigander Sam Raimi. "We both love *The Evil Dead*," he says. "The fact that Raimi came from out here and made a movie that was so successful on very little money really proved to us that we could do it, too."

Both films have a distinct style (backwoods noir?) but it's the original music that really set them apart: analog drones and piercing noise are Adult's specialty and here, stripped of their usual dancefloor-friendly beats, make the perfect partner to the onscreen tension. No DVD is forthcoming, but *Decamperment*'s score is available (as a series of limited 7" singles) from adultperiod.com. Still, this is all best experienced in the flesh, so if you like indie art horror and electro-punk music, keep your eyes peeled for future screenings.

—KIRA LADOUCEUR

THE BLOOD SPATTERED GUIDE CAN BE HEARD WEEKLY ON RUEMORGUEJERARDS.COM

RUEMORGUEJERARDS.COM

kiss. Sybreed's schizophrenic genre jaunt is a bit of a stretch, but your willingness to go along for the ride might surprise you. LCL **B+ B+**



GRAVE

Burial Ground
REGAIN RECORDS

Explosive and primal, Swedish death metal outfit Grave is one of the scene's most influential acts. From the bombastic prowess of its 1991 debut *Into the Grave* through to 2008's *Dominion VII*, the band has never strayed from its path of uncompromising old school metal, in the vein of colleagues such as Entombed and Repulsion. In fact, though Grave rarely falters, this impeccable ninth full-length reveals the band to be more cohesive, aggressive and dominant than ever. Ranging from imposing slow-burners such as mid-tempo onslaught "Conquerer," through to the blasphemous blast of demonic possession that is "Outcast," the trio is sleek and pointed yet wily and incredibly volatile. Other highlights include "Blood Trail," a re-recording of the grotesque 1989 demo cut "Sexual Mutilation" and the epic, album-closing title track. Rough, blunt and brassy, *Burial Ground* is one of Grave's most scorching death metal assaults to date. KC **B+ B+**



RAZORBACK

Take the Curse
RITUAL PRODUCTIONS

Since its 2003 inception, *Take the Curse* marks only the second full-length release from Ramesseis; the band's songwriting output is apparently as laboured as the psychedelic stoner doom sinkholes it composes. The English trio of drummer Mark Greening, guitarist Tim Bageshaw and bassist/singer Adam Richardson

(whose ability to roar in key is sometimes threatened by his vocal hoarseness to Melvins' King Buzzo, or the frizzy-haired frontman was in desperate need of a lozenge) has created a viscous, black bile of a record, stitched with genre touchstones and soaked in drug-fuelled suffering. Quotes from *Friday the 13th* in the title track and *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb* in "Another Skeleton" are merely scraps of the connective tissue linking such distorted death dreams as "Baptism of the Walking Dead," "Black Hash Mass" and closing opus "Khali Mast," for which the band has produced a most hallucinatory video. Ramesseis' cursed offering sounds more like a blessing. TT **B+ B+**



SCAREMAKER

What Evil Have They Summoned...
RAZORBACK RECORDS

Since 1999, Razorback Records has released some outstanding horror-themed metal albums, but this is not one. Fronted by Razorback head honcho Billy Nocera and his wife Vanessa, Scaremaker plays thrashy, old school death metal that sounds like no one in particular, though comparisons could be made to old Autopsy and Obituary. *What Evil Have They Summoned* just isn't anything new, and no matter how much you listen to it the songs simply aren't that memorable (though the VHS-era horror cover art by Adam Geyer is stunning). Demonstrating some old school cred, Scaremaker finishes with a cover of "Devil's Son," originally performed by female-fronted metal band DC LaCroix during a hilarious dream sequence in the low-budget movie *Hack-O-Lantern* (a.k.a. *Halloween Night*). As is almost always the case with Razorback, these boys (and girl) know their horror, but somehow this time the metal didn't quite get the same attention. AVL **B+ B+**



TAKE HEED DISGUSTING HUMANS...
THE BODY PUTS THE DOOM IN
DOOMSDAY ON **ALL THE WATERS OF**
THE EARTH TURN TO BLOOD.

MISANTHROPIC METAL

By AARON VON LUPTON

EVER SINCE BLACK SABBATH'S DEBUT 40 YEARS AGO, doom metal bands have been providing the soundtrack to the end of humanity, but Providence, Rhode Island's The Body may be one of the first to make Armageddon sound truly scary.

Considering they've only released one full-length and a couple of 7" singles over the course of eleven years together, you'd be forgiven if you've never heard of this bearded duo before. But after one listen to their new sophomore album, *All the Waters of the Earth Turn to Blood* (out now from At a Loss Recordings), you're likely never to forget them.

"We didn't set out specifically to create a scary sounding album, but I guess that's the way we play music," says guitarist Chip King. "The world is a horrifying place, and to make music within the context of this world that does not reflect that is, to me, disingenuous."

While their sound is rooted somewhere between early Sabbath and sludge pioneers Grief, The Body's take on the genre is truly unique, incorporating a female choir (The Assembly of Light), extreme noise chaos and random tortured wails.

"When we first started, we listened to a lot of that doom stuff, but as a genre, it gets kind of boring," says drummer Lee Buford. "You can only do so much playing slow. We just wanted to go [somewhere] a lot different, not to get more people to like us, but [in order] to not get pigeonholed in the doom genre."

Feeding their terror-filled musical offerings is an unhealthy obsession with dark Christian imagery, the band and album names being fairly obvious biblical nods. While Buford traces this interest to the fact that they hail from a small Bible Belt town in Arkansas, King offers more introspective musings.

"I find religious imagery to be powerful and moving," he says. "Its purpose, I focus the soul towards and towards transcendence, is largely overshadowed by the sheer dogma of institutionalized religion. Christianity is, for good or ill, one of the dominant paradigms of Western culture, and the myths and imagery are sublimated into our psyches on many levels. I find it easier to make commentary on the world using these obvious cultural markers than with juvenile satanic denial or New Age vaguery. Plus, it worked for Black Sabbath."

The commentary of which King speaks revolves around both members' extreme pessimism and nihilistic stance, which leads to the album's second dominant theme: cut killers Charles Manson, Jim Jones and Shoko Asahara, who is currently on death row for the 1995 Sarin gas attacks in Tokyo, Japan.

One of the tracks, "Song of Sarin the Brave," is based directly on Asahara's subway gas attack, even including lyrics from a tune written by the famed founder of religious group Aum Shinrikyo. King is blunt in exploring his fascination with the apocalyptic cult leader.

"What is it that doesn't interest me about this topic, really?" he says. "The world is fascinated with death and murder. I'm no different. It's the motives that interest me—somehow tying together in his mind Christian ideas of Armageddon, from the book of Revelation, tenets of Buddhism and several paradigms."

As for weaving the two themes, Buford offers, "In metal, the whole upside-down cross stuff is so overdone. To us, what's really creepy and intriguing is the power of Christianity and the idea that you can get so many people to do so many crazy things under the guise of religion."

As you may have guessed, The Body celebrates misanthropy on an epic scale. To wit, King offers us this synopsis of the events to which he imagines *All the Waters of the Earth* should be played: "I would like to listen to this record as I receive confirmation that the last person in the world besides me is dead. Then, when I kill myself, the curse of human presence will be lifted and existence can continue without us."

Hey, they don't call it doom metal for nothing. ☐



PLAY DEAD

GRAPHICS

PLAYABILITY

SHIVERS

GAMES REVIEWED BY ANDREW LEE

HIGHEST RATING IS THREE



NAUGHTY BEAR

PS3, Xbox 360
\$35 Developer



Teddy bears: cute, cuddly and... deadly? When they're armed with a machete and are extremely pissed off, you betchul!

In this exceptionally twisted game, players assume the role of an animated teddy bear on a malicious rampage after not being invited to a birthday party.

Set on the Island of Perfection – which is populated by palm trees, colourful birds and an assortment of friendly, fun-lovin' teddies – the aim of the game is to collect "naughty points" by being as murderous and mischievous as possible. Points are awarded for inflicting both physical and psychological harm upon your plushy opponents by doing such things as locking them in a freezer, drowning them in the toilet or setting them on fire. Catch them in a bear trap and they'll suffer horribly until you beat the stuffing out of them with a hammer or simply snap their fuzzy necks. Beware, though, because there are ninja bears, army bears, police bears and even zombie bears (The Living Ted, get it?) that'll gang up on you to try to put an end to your violent behaviour.

With over 30 levels to unlock, 250 ways of scoring points and more than twenty different weapons to uncover, *Naughty Bear* has loads of replay value that'll have you inventing increasingly sick ways to torture and maim your rivals. Like fresh cupcakes, this ain't for kids, but if you've got a penchant for pulling off dolls' heads or melting G.I. Joe figures in the microwave, it's a cutesy dark diversion.



A VAMPIRE'S ROMANCE PARIS STORIES

PC
Multiplayer



Video game vamps have been fairly immune to the defanging that their cinematic cousins have endured thanks to the popularity of *Twilight*. That was, until the release of this sugary adventure, *A Vampire's Romance*.

The story follows a young art student who moves to Paris to study at the Louvre and falls in love with a secretive man named Uziel (and if that name doesn't reek of vampire wuss, I don't know what does), who then inexplicably disappears without a trace. Utilising a horrendously complicated Parisian street map, players explore 40 different locales, including the beautifully rendered Pere Lachaise Cemetery and the claustrophobic Catacombs, looking for clues as to his whereabouts.

The final vampiric payoff is so exasperatingly lame that you'll wish there was a first-person shooter where you get to hunt the people who invented this drack and blast 'em with a glitter gun.



I'M NOT ALONE

PC
Single Player



Being an exorcist is a pretty sweet gig. You get to travel all over the world cleansing houses and people of demonic possession, talk to ghosts and restless spirits, plus, as a bonus, score all the holy water and green puke you ever wanted.

I'm Not Alone casts players as Patrick Weber, a talented exorcist who's been summoned to a mansion deep in the Austrian mountains, which has been possessed by an evil entity. Armed with a pair of daggers and a crossbow, you'll fight off the mundane assortment of creatures haunting the place, including possessed maids, drowned girls and a gardener armed with a scythe. Though the environments are quite striking and the ambient sounds suitably chilling, the stilted voice acting is embarrassingly subpar. On top of that, *I'm Not Alone's* controls are so awkward that combat becomes frustratingly repetitive. This is one game that definitely everlasts its welcome.



SALES *from the* CRYPT



Devil Music
SATAN KLAUS—
See Bondage Santa
DVD's and CD's
FREE Music Downloads
www.dirtysdungeon.com



MOVIE GRADE
PROSTHETICS
F/X MAKEUP
PROPS & MORE
MOSTLY DEAD
2010
hear round up, hear round off you

SECOND ANNUAL OSHKOSH ZOMBIE WALK
INFECTION
SEPTEMBER 4, 2010
www.oshkoshhorror.com

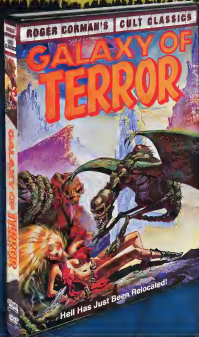


Whimzkulls
Hand Skulpted Cookies
www.whimzkulls.blogspot.com

ONE MILLION COMIX ONLINE
ONEMILLIONCOMIX.COM
531 YONGE ST. TORONTO, ONTARIO M4Y 1Y5 PHONE NUMBER: 416-934-1615



VAMPIREWEAR.COM
Featuring Handcrafted
BLOOD VIALS
Our Blood Vials Were Seen On CSI!
Many Fascinating Designs
Complete In A Giftable Box!
Plus Bangs, Headbands, Hairwear,
Jewelry, Lingerie & Much More!



WANT TO GIFT YOU CORMAN'S COSMIC CARNAGE

25 NEW SUBSCRIBERS will win **GALAXY OF TERROR** on DVD, courtesy of Shout! Factory.

WINNERS WILL BE CHOSEN AT RANDOM AND NOTIFIED BY PHONE OR EMAIL.



SUBSCRIPTIONS

Save over **30% OFF** the newsstand price and receive **6 FREE ISSUES** with a two-year subscription!

PLEASE HAVE THE BOOGEYMAN DELIVER MY SUBSCRIPTION TO MY CRYPT! SEND ME...

HALF YEAR (6 issues): \$59.70 ☐

1 YEAR (11 issues): \$74.95 ☐

Equals 3 FREE issues!

2 YEARS (22 issues): \$134.95 ☐

Equals 6 FREE issues!

OVERSEAS:

HALF YEAR (6 issues): ☐

1 YEAR (11 issues): ☐

2 YEARS (22 issues): ☐

BEGIN MY SUBSCRIPTION WITH ISSUE #:

NAME:

ADDRESS:

CITY:

PROVINCE/STATE:

POSTAL CODE/ZIP:

PHONE:

EMAIL:

GIVE THE GIFT OF BLOOD!

IS YOUR
SUBSCRIPTION
FOR A FRIEND?
CHECK THE BOX
BELOW AND A GIFT
NOTE WILL BE
INCLUDED WITH
THE FIRST ISSUE!

Please send cheque or INTERNATIONAL money order payable to: MAHRS MEDIA INC. 2925 DUNDAS STREET WEST, TORONTO, ON M6P 1Y8 CANADA. Please allow three to six weeks for delivery.

PURCHASE INSTANTLY! RUE MORQUE ACCEPTS CREDIT CARD PAYMENTS @ WWW.RUE-MORQUE.COM. CLICK ON SHOPPE 183

Offer expires August 31, 2010



LOOK FOR NEW AND BACK ISSUES AT THESE OFFICIAL RUE MORGUE HAUNTS

Sign up at RUE-MORGUE.COM Email: HAUNTS@RUE-MORGUE.COM

UNITED STATES

AMV TIME
2910 Hempstead Tpk
Lewiston, NY
916-526-0875
amvtime.com

BERNARD ORP OF HORRORS
1315 Townsend Square S
El Paso, TX
bernardorpofohorror.com

COLLECTORS CORNER
7911 Hartford Rd
Baltimore, MD
410-688-5263
collectorscornermd.com

COMIC EMPORIUM
68 Centre St
Tulley, NJ
973-659-1336

CONCRETE COMICS
980 F. Christopher Ave., Ste A
Amherst, MA

DAVE DELACASIS
4212 N. Barkley Blvd
Oak Brook, IL
630-596-6660
davekd.com

DIAMOND COLLECTIONS
13 N. Main St.
Amherst, MA
diamondcollections.com

DREAMWAVE BOOKS
2301 E. 38th St
Minneapolis, MN
612-823-0101
dreamwavebooks.com

THE DREAMING COMICS & GAMES
5226 University Way NE
Seattle, WA
705-325-8284
thedreamingcomic.com

HORRORFILES
4731 W. Roosevelt Rd
Bemise, IL
708-484-7270
horrorfiles.com

THE HOUSE OF DODDIES
421 5070 St
Jeffersonville, IN
317-265-1195
houseofdoddies.com

KOTTY'S COMICS
5430 F. Mockingbird Ln., Ste 129
Dallas, TX
214-827-3880

MONSTERS INK TATTOOS & PERICINGS
384 S. 1st St
Milwaukee, WI
414-545-0325
monstersinktattoo.com

NIGHTMARE PRODUCTIONS
280 Derby St
Salem, MA
978-746-2030
nightmareproductions.com

OUT OF THE ORDINARY MUSIC
801 CPFS
233 Monmouth St
Newport, RI
412-672-2323

TATE'S COMICS + THS + WEEDS + MORE
4558 N. University Dr
Lubbock, TX
954-748-0751
tatescomics.com

WASHINGTON STREET BOOKS
131 N. Washington St
Harrisburg, PA
717-636-0215
washingtonstreetbooks.com

CANADA

BURNING MOON VIDS
1252-11th Ave. SW
Calgary, AB
403-238-3999
burningmoonvideo.com

THE COMIC HUNTER
45 West St
Windsor, ON
519-958-4950
comichunter.ca

8TH STREET BOOKS & COMICS
1012 8th St. E
Saskatoon, SK
306-343-6824
8thstreetbooks.com

ESCALIER COMICS
3020 River St W
Toronto, ON
416-236-5853
escalier-comics.ca

EVESIDE CINEMA
801 Queen St. W
2nd Fl.
Toronto, ON
416-855-1389

FEAR AND LOATHING IN VICTORIA
2829 O. Pkwy. St
Victoria, BC
800-979-3553

HAVE YOU SEEN...
321 Rylander St. E
Fergus, ON
782-756-0770

INSIDE CINEMA
518 Lyster St
Orlando, ON
613-237-2755
insidecinema.ca

MOVIEFELLER
273 Delaware
Amherst, ON
200-313-0549
sites.google.com/site/moviefeller

REED SKULL COMICS AND GDS
7904 Carleton Pl. N.
Calgary, AB
403-276-3716
reedskull.com

THE SILVER SKULL
387 Queen St. W
Toronto, ON
416-599-0880
silverskull.com

STRANGE ADVENTURES
3282 Glenholme St
Inglewood, CA
800-425-2140
strangeadventures.com

SUSPECT NOISE
820 Minnesota St
Toronto, CA
416-598-6674
suspectnoise.com

INTERNATIONAL

LE CANNIBAL DES CANNIBES
37 Erindale Rd
Erin, ON
Australia

THE CINEMA STORE
Unit 48, Salford House
Upper St. Martins Ln
London
UK

VIRTUAL HAUNTS

FABPRESS.COM
FEARSHIP.COM
FENDFORGE.COM
HEMLOCKBOOKS.CO.UK
HOLSTERSWITHAUSSEIGNS.COM
CANDY-ENTERTAINMENT.COM
MUSTYMAN.COM
THEHARRISBOOKSTORE.COM

ALSO AVAILABLE AT ALL SUNRISE RECORDS LOCATIONS. REQUEST RUE MORGUE AT YOUR LOCAL HAUNT!

COLLECTIBLE BACK ISSUES

THIS MAGAZINE ACCEPTS CREDIT CARD PAYMENTS AT RUE-MORGUE.COM. Click on RUE-MORGUE.COM



MORE BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE. SEE RUE-MORGUE.COM FOR A COMPLETE LIST.

POSTAGE & HANDLING: One magazine: \$3. Two mags: \$5. Three to five mags: \$7. Six to eight mags: \$10. More than eight mags: \$15.

Issue # _____	Price \$ _____	Issue # _____	Price \$ _____
Issue # _____	Price \$ _____	Issue # _____	Price \$ _____
Issue # _____	Price \$ _____	Issue # _____	Price \$ _____
Issue # _____	Price \$ _____	Issue # _____	Price \$ _____
Issue # _____	Price \$ _____	Issue # _____	Price \$ _____
Issue # _____	Price \$ _____	Issue # _____	Price \$ _____

TOTAL (Plus Postage and Handling) \$ _____

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____

PROVINCE/STATE: _____

POSTAL CODE/ZIP: _____

PHONE #: _____

EMAIL: _____

Please send cheque or INTERNATIONAL money order to: HARRIS MEDIA INC. 2926 DUNDAS STREET WEST, TORONTO, ON M6P 1Y6. Please allow three to six weeks for delivery.

CLASSIC CUT

WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU

DIRECTED BY JONATHAN MILLER. UK - 1968



As a lone figure strolls along a deserted beach at dusk, a scholarly voice announces, "This is a tale of the supernatural. It is the work of a man who wrote ghost stories as a sideline." So begins Jonathan Miller's mercurial TV adaptation of M.R. James' exercise in literary terror, "Oh, Whistle, and I'll Come to You, My Lad," a subtle and inventive piece of storytelling that stands as one of the finest examples of the supernatural on film.

The narrator is accurate in describing James' works of horror as a sideline. Montague Rhodes James was a linguist, medievalist and biblical scholar, as well as a provost of Cambridge and Eton College, although it is for his literary forays into the paranormal that he is best remembered. Of the approximately 40 short stories James wrote, "Oh, Whistle, and I'll Come to You, My Lad" is arguably his masterpiece.

Along with shortening the tale, Miller's adaptation foregoes some of the plot intricacies found in James' cautionary fable to tell the deceptively simple story of a man's encounter with an uncanny apparition. While on vacation in a British seaside town, an eccentric professor discovers an antique whistle buried outside of a disused cemetery. He eventually notices the whistle bears a Latin inscription, which translates as "Who is this who is coming?" Unalarmed by this ominous message, he blows into it before retiring for the night. Over the coming days the professor is haunted by strange dreams in which he is pursued on the beach by a spectral figure, until one night he witnesses an inexplicable vision that shakes him to the core.

Miller upset a few James purists with his ambiguous treatment of the story's supernatural elements. The horrors that the professor encounters are never explained nor vindicated, and the implication that his brushes with the afterlife could all be taking place in his mind resurfaces throughout the piece. Hiding behind a facade of academic skepticism, the bumbling professor's theories on the supernatural are rooted firmly in the intellectual, and Miller constantly hints that he could be wobbling on the threshold of dementia. Regardless of whether or not a supernatural force is at work here, the power of the climactic scenes is a thing of unparalleled terror, and the inventive sound design and stark monochrome photography generate a palpable atmosphere of foreboding.

Produced by the BBC, and originally aired in May 1968, *Whistle and I'll Come to You* wasn't the first ghost story filmed for

UK television, but it generated an ambience of dread and intensity previously absent from the small screen, sparking new interest and setting the standard for the supernatural tales that followed. Its success most notably led to the creation of BBC's famed *A Ghost Story for Christmas* series, an episode of which screened annually over the holidays from 1971 to 1978.

Like *Whistle and I'll Come to You*, most of these festive frights were taken from the haunted pen of James, and all shared a decorous and old-fashioned quality, drawing on aspects of British period drama and maintaining a hint of intellectual formalism throughout, whilst still remaining focused on the fundamental desire to unnerve.

This heritage of supernatural horror on British TV continued through other acclaimed adaptations of classics, such as *The Woman in Black* or *Casting the Runes*, inspired by another James tale. Meanwhile, original works, including Nigel Kneale's exemplary *The Stone Tape* and the anthology series *Dead of Night* and *Haunted*, continued to whet the appetite for ghost stories among home viewers. Then, in 1982, the BBC took a bold leap away from the safety of this long-standing format when it created the infamous *Ghostwatch*, a one-off hour ingeniously masquerading as a live Halloween broadcast from an allegedly haunted house in the British suburbs. Though born out of that same desire to chill viewers, *Ghostwatch* ultimately signalled a shift in supernatural programming as TV audiences were given a new taste for "authenticity." This paved the way for the heftier Nightlinks of reality ghost-hunting shows such as *Most Haunted*, but the gimmickry of reality TV ultimately offered little to rival the austere scares of the classic ghost story.

To wit, *Whistle and I'll Come to You* not only continues to draw an audience when it reruns on British television, but two years ago the legacy of the production became clear when the BBC revived *A Ghost Story for Christmas* with two brand new James adaptations, aptly proving that while ghost-hunting may be fun, some audiences still crave the thrill of more traditional terrors.

MICHAEL BLYTH

HIS FEEDING... YOUR FRENZY.



FROM ONE OF
THE PRODUCERS OF
HARD CANDY

ON DVD
AUGUST 17

Trapped inside their home, Kelly and Tom must
fight for their lives against a deadly man-eater who
smells their fear...and wants their flesh.

LIONSGATE AND SOBRI FILMS PRESENT IN ASSOCIATION WITH LAUNCHPAD PRODUCTIONS A FILM BY CARLOS BROOKS "BURNING BRIGHT"
BRIANA EVIGAN CHARLIE TAHAN AND GARRET DILLAHUNT COSTUME DESIGNER ALICIA CHAPPELLE, C.S.A. EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS ZACK RYAN AND MIKLOS WRIGHT PRODUCED BY MARK E. GARNER
WRITTEN BY MICHAEL McDONOUGH DIRECTED BY ALBERT T. DICKERSON III EDITOR WAYNE MORRIS EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS MARK AMIN CAMI WINTKOFF DAVID W. HIGGINS
PRODUCED BY DAVID W. HIGGINS AND CHRISTINE COYLE JOHNSON & JULIE PRENDIVILLE ROUX SCREENPLAY BY CHRISTINE COYLE JOHNSON & JULIE PRENDIVILLE ROUX DIRECTED BY CARLOS BROOKS

PG-13

SUPPLEMENTAL AND NEW LANGUAGE

TM & © 2006

TM



© 2006 Lionsgate Films. All Rights Reserved.

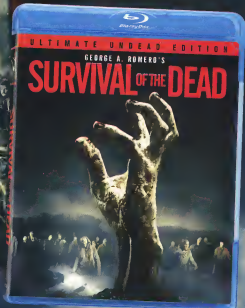
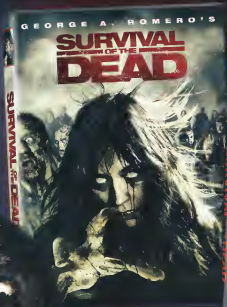
www.lionsgate.com

“★★★★
A BLOODY GOOD TIME.”

—TIME OUT NEW YORK

“ONE OF THE BEST
IN THE SERIES.”

—UNDEAD CENTRAL



■ SPECIAL FEATURES ■

- George A. Romero Introduction
- Walking After Midnight Documentary
- "Sarge" - A Short Film
- Commentary by George A. Romero
- And more!

GET IT ON DVD & BLU-RAY
AUGUST 31TH

